

The Listener

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The Great Divide between East and West:

III—Possibilities for Agreement

(pages 431-436)

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CHICAGO

**DIARY OF A VOYAGER****The Bay greets us kindly . . .**

A stiff breeze blowing down-Channel had given me qualms as to how the notorious Bay of Biscay would greet us. I was forgetting the efficacy of the stabilizers with which our ship was fitted. In any case the Bay was having one of its kinder days and I enjoyed a most delightful breakfast.

On deck I thought of the varied traffic that from ancient days had sailed into and across the Bay; Phoenicians to Cornwall for tin, the Armada galleons, ships to and from Britain with cargoes to keep our mills and factories brisk.

Across the Bay lay Corunna of Peninsular War memories, Oporto made famous by its wine trade, Cape St. Vincent where Nelson charged the enemy line and so ensured victory, and on approaching the Mediterranean—Trafalgar.

Our cheerful barman in the lounge told me we had followed the route that for over a hundred years had given the P & O the Peninsular part of its name. I thought of the many thousands who had travelled this way under the famous quartered house flag, asking myself—what more blissful freedom from care and worry could anyone wish than a sea-voyage—and what deeper comfort and better service than voyaging P & O?

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The Great Divide—III

Possibilities for Agreement

An inquiry into some of the issues between East and West

LORD READING (chairman): We are to consider here two related but distinct aspects of the whole problem. The first: is disengagement a practical proposition? The second: is the policy of negotiation, in general, wise and possible—or the reverse? But before calling witnesses on the first point, it may help you if, by way of factual background, I remind you of the substance of certain ideas—they are, perhaps, too vague to be called plans—which are apt to figure in any discussion upon disengagement.

The most far-reaching is the Kennan idea. Mr. Kennan thinks that while the Americans and ourselves should maintain the nuclear deterrent, we need not pile up more and newer weapons—enough is plenty. As regards conventional forces, he goes so far as to suggest that American and British forces could be withdrawn from continental Europe. He believes, further, that France and Germany and the others should be able to meet any military threat from the Russians by maintaining para-military forces of militia type, on the Swiss model.

The next idea is the idea of the neutral belt. According to this the two parts of Germany, Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Hungary would be neutralised; Nato forces would be withdrawn from Western Germany and from the Western sectors of Berlin; and Soviet forces from Poland and Hungary, as well as from Eastern Germany. These states would have conventional forces but no nuclear weapons, and their neutral status would be guaranteed by the Soviet Union and by the Western Powers. This arrangement would mean, inevitably, that Western Germany would have to leave Nato, and the Eastern European States would have to leave the Warsaw Pact.

Then there is the so-called Rapacki plan—for a nuclear-free zone. It proposes that in Western and Eastern Germany, Poland, and Czechoslovakia nuclear weapons should no longer be stored or manufactured. This ban would apply not only to the nuclear warheads of intermediate ballistic missiles but also to the warheads of so-called tactical nuclear weapons. There would be a system of ground and aerial control, and the use of nuclear weapons against these territories would be prohibited. This plan would mean, for example, that American forces remaining in Western Germany would have to give up their tactical nuclear weapons and rely on conventional weapons—as would Soviet troops in Eastern Germany and Poland.

With that introduction, I shall now again proceed to call the expert witnesses before you, but I shall keep the two questions apart. I shall, accordingly, ask the diplomatic and strategic commentators to go into action twice—by giving their views, separately, at the end of the evidence on each of the two questions rather than at the end of the evidence as a whole. It may also be more useful if, in the same way, I this time divide my summing up into two.

First, Dr. George Bolsover, Director of the School of Slavonic and East European Studies in the University of London. He knows Russia personally and is a constant student of Russian affairs.

George Bolsover: In the present situation, schemes for limited military disengagement in Europe are more likely to do harm than good. In so far as the Western Powers accepted them, they would reassure the Soviet leaders about the continuance of

Soviet Communist domination of Eastern Europe and help to underpin and fortify it. This would leave the Soviet leaders freer to exploit the fluid situation in the Middle East, where their aim is to weaken the Western hold on the region's oil. The result would be that limited military disengagement in Europe would bring closer engagement in the Middle East and make the general situation worse.

From the Western viewpoint, the very concept of limited military disengagement is almost a counsel of despair, because it tacitly accepts the Soviet thesis that the world is irrevocably split into two rival social systems contending for the allegiance of mankind. As long as the Soviet leaders act on this thesis, and in the face of Communist expansion after the war, the Western leaders have no option but to reckon seriously with it and look to their defences. This means that even if East and West avoid an armed clash and continue to coexist, their coexistence will remain unstable and dangerously competitive; and so any disengagement restricted to a belt of territories through Central Europe would be largely illusory.

But surely, without risking its security in this age of nuclear deterrents, the West might now aim to reach beyond the sterile and frustrating concept of a world irrevocably split into two opposed and contending social systems backed by increasingly destructive weapons. So far, each side has behaved in negotiation as if it expected the other to capitulate to its conditions, and so negotiation has proved fruitless. But could not the Western Powers now afford to tell the Soviet leaders and peoples that if they would call their troops home and undertake to keep them there, and so let the nations of Eastern Europe determine their own forms of government—as envisaged at Yalta—they in turn would dismantle Nato, which arose to halt the aggressive post-war policy of Stalin? But they should also insist on linking this kind of military disengagement in Europe with an effective security pact and with corresponding ideological and political disengagement; and should urge that East and West should both jettison the concept of a world split into contending social systems, and co-operate in applying the latest scientific discoveries for the common good—particularly in the underdeveloped areas.

I shall be told, I know, that such an initiative cannot succeed. Even so, I believe it would be worth our while to take it. First, it would show that the West, at least, looks beyond the *status quo* and competitive coexistence and seeks to bridge the Great Divide. Secondly, it would hearten the East European peoples by showing that the West remains active on their behalf, even if it eschews war in the process. Finally, it would give food for thought to the Communist revisionists, who are already questioning some of the basic Leninist concepts which Mr. Khrushchev and his colleagues still uphold. These revisionists are now rated Enemy No. 1 in the Communist movement, and they may not always be worsted.

Lord Reading: Now Mr. G. F. Hudson, historian and Fellow of St. Antony's College, Oxford.

G. F. Hudson: In discussing the idea of disengagement, the first question we should ask is whether Central Europe would be likely to remain an area of peace and stability after the forces of the Great Powers had been withdrawn from it. If we think there is a serious possibility it might not, then the question arises whether the Great Powers would be willing simply to hold the ring without taking sides in any conflict. And if they were to intervene on opposite sides, would the danger of a general war be greater or less than it is now?

Nobody, of course, pretends that the existing situation in Central Europe is satisfactory or desirable. But it has one great advantage that we should begin fully to appreciate only if we had lost it. I mean the certainty for everyone concerned of the consequences of certain actions. The Russians know that if they were to cross the frontier between East and West Germany they would automatically be at war with Britain and the United States. Equally, the Western Powers know that if they were to support a popular revolt in East Germany, Poland, or Hungary they would have to fight the Russian army. We may regard this division of Europe as deplorable, but at least it ensures that nobody is going to start a major war without the deliberate intention of starting it.

Theoretically, disengagement would mean that all the countries of Central and Eastern Europe would be left free to work out their own destinies, without interference from outside. But how would they set about it? Except for West Germany, all of them are States governed dictatorially by Communist parties. Their political structure is such that it cannot be changed without some degree of violence. But most, if not all, of these regimes are threatened by serious popular discontent; and we could reasonably expect that at least one of them would be overthrown if the factor of external intervention were to be completely ruled out. We must, then, ask whether there is any reason to believe that the Soviet Union, which a little over a year ago used its armed forces to crush the national rising in Hungary, would now be ready simply to stand by and see one or more of these Communist regimes collapse. I can see no sign of such willingness on the Soviet side; and, indeed, it would be politically most dangerous for them since any breakdown of a Communist State would be likely to set off a chain reaction which would affect the regime in the Soviet Union itself. I infer that the Soviet Government would not agree to disengagement in Europe without the reservation that the existing Communist States would still be under its protection against popular upheavals.

Germany is a special case because it is divided between a Communist and a democratic State. This is what makes Germany the most difficult problem of all. It is all very well to talk of a compromise between the two German governments to bring about unification, but nobody has yet been able to explain how it would be possible to create a stable national state half totalitarian and half free. As long as the basic conflict of political ideologies continues in its present form it would be an aggravation of the danger to international peace to take the lid off Germany. Neither the Soviet Union nor the West could afford to be indifferent to the violent developments of the struggle for power which would probably take place there; and as there would no longer be any territorial definition of their respective spheres, the risk of war would be far greater than it is today.

Lord Reading: Next, Mr. James Joll, also a Fellow of St. Antony's College, Oxford.

James Joll: Disengagement is not a practical possibility if you mean, as Mr. Dulles appears to, renunciation by the Russians of all their present control, and of outer space as well. But I think that something much more modest and more practical might be achieved by negotiation about specific, definite areas. The most obvious is the Middle East. This is a region which both sides have had difficulty in fitting into the pattern of the Cold War; and the local politicians have shown considerable skill in exploiting the hostility between Russia and the West for their own ends. Neither the Americans nor the Russians really know, apparently, what they want in this area.

Wars start in two ways; either they are the result of long-term planning—like Hitler's war—or they arise from ill-defined aims, uncertain authority and general confusion—as the first world war did. There are, of course, plenty of people who believe that the Soviet Union is planning war just as Hitler did. I am very doubtful about this myself, and actually I think it is a dangerous as well as a mistaken assumption, because it suggests analogies with the nineteen-thirties that do not necessarily exist. It is dangerous, I think, to use general terms like 'appeasement' and to suggest that the situation of the nineteen-fifties is exactly comparable to that of the nineteen-thirties. In any case, the Middle East does seem to me to be just the sort of area where local conflicts might, almost accidentally, touch off a world war if either the Americans or the Russians became too involved in local politics. Neither side yet has direct military or political control of the area, so there is still room for manoeuvre, for disengagement in the literal sense of the word.

In Europe, on the other hand, real disengagement is far less likely, though no less desirable, if what is meant is a complete military withdrawal by the Russians from East Germany, Poland, Hungary, and Czechoslovakia, and a complete dismantling of Nato by us. But there are first steps that are politically practicable, though they will need a great deal of technical working out. I am thinking of suggestions along the lines of the Polish Rapacki plan

for keeping a certain area in Europe clear of nuclear weapons. The difficulty here is the technical one of inspection and control, and the results achieved might be modest but it would be a start and, above all, it would be a real test of the goodwill of both sides. One must not, incidentally, be too much guided by military opinion. As the old Lord Salisbury said at the end of the nineteenth century, with what now seems genuine prophetic power: 'I would not be too much impressed by what the soldiers tell you about the strategic importance of these places. If they were allowed full scope, they would insist on the importance of garrisoning the moon in order to protect us from Mars'.

Some kind of neutralisation—or, perhaps 'localisation' would be the better word—in the Middle East, a limited measure of local disarmament in Europe, these are the immediate results it might be reasonable to hope to obtain by negotiation. It is this sort of limited political settlement that seems to me to have most chance of success as a first stage. But the practical difficulties of any sort of settlement are not the real problem we have to answer. The real problem is whether the Russians want this kind of limited agreement. They, presumably, realise as well as we do that a nuclear war would be the end of us all. But also the Russians believe history is on their side. They believe, that is to say, that Western capitalist society will ultimately collapse and Communist society triumph. This means, therefore, that they are ready to fight with political weapons as well as with military ones. They may think they have everything to gain by a return to political warfare and a relaxation of purely military tension. And, indeed, if there were a pause in the armaments race, and a moment at which we would have to think of more positive policies than those so far represented by Nato, it would be then that we would have to face the really hard questions and meet the really dangerous challenge.

Lord Reading: At this point, I shall ask the diplomatic and strategic commentators to come into action for the first time—beginning with Lord Strang.

Lord Strang: My view is, briefly, that disengagement in any large sense must wait upon a relaxation of tension, and that the best way to begin to reduce tension at the present time would be to search for specific agreements of limited scope, if these are anywhere to be found. This would, no doubt, be a long business. I therefore agree with James Joll when he says that it would be best to begin in modest fashion, with limited measures of disarmament. Whether the Rapacki Plan would, as he believes, be a suitable way to start, is another matter. The official view in Bonn seems to be that it would reduce the feeling of security in Western Germany and tend to perpetuate the division of Germany. Opinion in Washington and Paris is also unfavourable, and I am not one of those who think that Mr. Dulles and Dr. Adenauer are always wrong.

It has also appeared to me that disengagement—in the conception of some of those who advocate it—would in effect mean the break-up of the Atlantic Alliance. And, in fact, we have just heard it suggested that Nato should be completely dismantled as part of a bargain with the Russians. But dismantling Nato—if the word is to be taken literally—would not simply mean getting foreign troops out of Western Germany: it would mean disbanding the Allied forces and dispensing with the services of a Supreme Commander. It might also mean breaking the link between America and Europe, abrogating the obligation of the United States to defend the United Kingdom, France, and the West. This is the keystone of the whole structure, the one thing that has given us security, and it would not be easy to put anything in its place. And I question whether, if Nato went, the Western European Community, of which Western Germany is a member, could survive in its present form. I find this suggestion hard to understand and I do not see what we should gain by it unless we are to assume—which I do not—that there will be a complete change of heart in Moscow.

As regards schemes like the so-called neutral belt, I am in full agreement with G. F. Hudson. To aim at wide plans of evacuation and neutralisation so long as the basic East-West conflict continues, is to put the cart before the horse. Even if we could reach an agreement on these lines, we should tend to multiply rather than reduce the causes of disturbance, both within Germany and in relation to

Eastern European countries. And, if their public statements are to be believed, the Russians would require, as a counterpart, the withdrawal of American and British forces not merely from Germany but from the whole Continent, as well as the liquidation of American bases in Europe and North Africa. I cannot help thinking that this anxiety to get on with disengagement now, prematurely, is unhealthy and dangerous. It begins to look as though the Russians may be getting a lot of people rattled.

Lord Reading: Lastly, on this question, the strategic commentator, Air Chief Marshal Sir Ronald Ivelaw-Chapman.

Sir Ronald Ivelaw-Chapman: Disengagement, of whatever degree, is bound to bring in its train military risks. These risks should, I think, be regarded as amber light signals on a railway line, which can be passed at caution but which are not invitations to press on regardless to the station called Summit Talks. These amber light signals are fairly numerous, but it will probably be enough if I just touch on three or four of the more important.

The first concerns para-military troops. G. F. Hudson has just told us—and I fully agree with him—that the Soviet Government is unlikely to agree to disengagement in Europe unless it is allowed to protect the existing Communist States against disruption from within. For these purposes the Russians maintain a highly organised security police force, which in point of fact comprises a disciplined body of men fully trained in the use of weapons, at least up to machine-gun calibre. In any agreement, therefore, that used merely soldiers, sailors, and airmen as the yardstick for measuring disarmament or disengagement, there will always be the possibility that, for this reason, we might find that we are not swapping a pawn for a pawn—to use a chess analogy—but sacrificing a knight for a pawn.

Let me turn now to the question of radar warning; which is the outer line of the defence of this country. The West, I think it is agreed, will never be the aggressor in a future conflict; therefore, the East will have the great military advantage of surprise. Our present positions in Europe at least allow us to spread the outer line of radar warning defence to an extent that partially offsets the East's inherent advantage of surprise. So the demilitarisation of a zone in Central Europe, set centrally about a given north-and-south line, will not react equally to both sides. It will not be a straight matter of equi-distance. The advantage will lie with a potential aggressor. Here—using the same simile—we might find that we are sacrificing not a knight, but a castle or even a queen for a pawn. Before I leave this point, I would ask—as an aside—whether you can foresee a Germany sitting down meekly and watching herself deprived of all form of radar warning, looking either east or west—and this in an age when air power is a predominant factor in international relations. Frankly, I cannot.

Turning now to inspection and control, both East and West have recognised that a satisfactory inspection control system is an indispensable part of any plan for disarmament. Several speakers here have already recognised that such a system is also indispensable to any agreement on disengagement. I would endorse this, and add that the difficulties of inspection are at their greatest in the Rapacki plan, which is concerned with nuclear disengagement only. If such a plan is to be effective, both sides must be convinced that the other is unable to conceal its nuclear launching sites. But, more important, they must also be convinced that the other side cannot conceal the nuclear warheads for what might otherwise pass as conventional weapons. As science progresses and the size of these fissile weapons is inevitably reduced, this problem of adequate inspection becomes an increasingly difficult task. I will not say an impossible task, but I should think it is running pretty close to that category. The freedom of access, the scrutiny, and the search necessary to achieve satisfactory inspection is something that we have never seen before and which it is difficult to envisage working at 100 per cent. efficiency—and nothing less than 100 per cent. is going to be any good in this respect in a nuclear age.

Moreover, one is inclined to ask to whom these inspecting authorities would be answerable. Obviously not to the Kremlin and to Nato respectively. One can only presume that they would be answerable to some supra-national authority, of which the United Nations is the only known example. This, to my mind,

preconceives the idea of Russia participating in the United Nations both in spirit as well as in name; and this, I would have thought, gets us right back to where we stand today. Again, I think one might legitimately ask: what could, or would, be done in a case of transgression being brought to light by these inspecting teams? Who would authorise it to be done, and who would do it once authorised? These strike me as awkward questions in a nuclear age.

My last amber light concerns mainly the Rapacki plan. It is, I can assure you, unconscionably difficult to define precisely nuclear weapons in a disarmament context, particularly when the spirit of the searchers for agreement is not altogether in accord. Atomic artillery is with us today. Good enough, that is clear—and out that goes with the Rapacki plan. But some time between now and 1980—perhaps earlier than we might guess today—we are going to see atomic mortars, atomic mines, and atomic bullets. Where will nuclear end and conventional, then, begin? It is difficult to visualise a formula that will have any lasting validity. Again, maybe, not impossible, but extremely difficult.

As a corollary to this, since the Rapacki plan removes atomic artillery from a central zone in Europe, it automatically removes all American troops from the same area, even those that are conventionally armed. I say this because it is inconceivable, to me at any rate, that American public opinion would allow United States forces to remain in any area of the globe without the protection of the most modern weapons: another example of the risk of disparity resulting from what, on the face of it, seems a perfectly fair piece of reciprocity.

I would not have you think that these 'amber light signals', either singly or in combination, are in themselves sufficient to rule out the possibility of negotiations. But I do plead that these risks should be admitted, properly assessed, and balanced, before they are accepted. The problem has recently been likened to a man who is prepared to take one step back in order to advance two. That is a fair enough analogy, but from a practical viewpoint we must ensure that the backward step is not so wide that the two forward steps only leave us in a worse position than we were in before.

Lord Reading: You have now heard all the evidence upon the first of these highly important questions, and I will do my best to recapitulate it within as narrow a compass as possible. Once again I shall not attempt to give you any direction—the decision is wholly for you.

Dr. Bolsover was the first to give his views, and he was uncompromising in his opinion that any move towards no more than a limited military disengagement would be likely to do more harm than good. He considers that the time has come when a much more drastic effort must be made to bridge the Great Divide; and that, instead of proposing impossible conditions, the West should tell the Russians that if they took their troops back behind their frontiers and kept them there, Nato would be dissolved. There should be a corresponding disengagement on the political and ideological fronts, and a pooling of scientific knowledge—particularly for the benefit of the underdeveloped nations. He believes that even if this attempt fails, it would have justified itself by showing to the peoples of Eastern Europe that they were not forgotten; and also by demonstrating the West's vision and faith in the future.

Mr. Hudson, on the other hand, asks whether the withdrawal of their forces by the Great Powers would really increase the stability of Central Europe. Present conditions have at least the advantage that each side knows where it stands and realises that any advance would automatically involve war. If there were disengagement, the countries of Central and Eastern Europe would be free, in theory, to follow their own political devices. But how? They are in the grip of Communism and could not shake it off without violence. And if violence were used, would the Russians be content to stand aside? Divided Germany is the greatest problem. How could the two parts come together when one half has a democratic and the other a Communist system? If the lid were taken off Germany, there would be grave risk that the conflict within the country would result in opposing interventions from outside, with an increased danger of large-scale war.

Mr. Joll does not think disengagement has much chance if

the West is going to begin by demanding that the Russians give up everything, but that something might be achieved by discussing limited and well-defined problems. In his view, the most hopeful starting-point is in the Middle East, where the situation is very uncertain and consequently very alarming. Wars either are deliberately planned or else arise from a state of general confusion. In his view, the Russians are too alive to the consequences to be planning a war, and anyhow may feel that they are making adequate progress without one. Analogies with the nineteen-thirties are dangerous. But the Middle East is just the sort of area where hostilities might start locally, and almost accidentally, and develop into a major conflict. Neither bloc is as yet in control, and this might well be the moment to negotiate some settlement—even if only a temporary one—or at least some form of neutralisation.

The prospects in Europe are less favourable, but something like the Rapacki plan might be feasible. There would be plenty of difficulties but it would, anyhow, be a start; and too much weight should not be given to military opinion, which is always set upon over-insurance. Mr. Joll thinks that immediate results in some sort of neutralisation in the Middle East, and limited local disarmament in Europe, might be attainable. But, he asks, do the Russians want a settlement on this sort of basis? Well, they too understand that a nuclear war would be a war to end the world; and they also think that the future is, anyhow, moving their way. They may, therefore, be ready to damp down activity on the military side in order to stoke it up on the political. Such a development would require some new and very hard thinking by the West.

Lord Strang returns to his theme in the first programme: that disengagement must not precede but follow a lessening of strain between the two sides. For the moment, the search for agreement should be confined to specific and restricted topics. He agrees with Mr. Joll that a limited measure of agreement on disarmament, if a modest hope, is still the best. He is more sceptical as to the merits of the Rapacki plan, which is frowned upon in Bonn and not favourably viewed in either Washington or Paris. But the most serious aspect of disengagement is that, at least in the minds of some of its supporters, it would lead to the dissolution of Nato. And the end of Nato would mean more than just the evacuation of Germany by foreign troops; it would involve, also, the end of the Anglo-American link and of the American obligation to defend Western Europe. These are the factors which have, up to now, been our salvation. On the neutral belt aspect, he agrees with Mr. Hudson: any accord on such a scheme would have to be bought at too high a price; and anyhow it would only add to the causes of friction. All this pressure for disengagement he labels unhealthy and dangerous, and warns strongly against allowing ourselves to be scared by Russian propaganda.

The Air Chief Marshal stresses the military risks, in general, of disengagement, and points to a few of them in particular. First, para-military troops: he agrees with Mr. Hudson that the Russians are unlikely to accept any disengagement which does not allow them still to deal with the threat of disruption from within in any of the East European countries. They keep for this purpose a highly organised and well-armed force of security police. The West might well find itself at a serious disadvantage if it did not take this element into account in arriving at any numerical balance of forces.

Then there is radar warning: since the West will never start a war, the great asset of surprise is with the East. Against surprise, the forward radar warning screens are already, and will become to an increasing degree, a valuable—even if only partial—counterpoise. A demilitarised zone in Central Europe might well rob us of that advantage. Moreover, Germany could hardly assent to being left without any good means of warning. Again, there is the matter of inspection and control which encounter their main difficulties in the Rapacki plan. Freedom of access, inquiry and search is essential; but its effective working would not be easily achieved. And where could responsibility lie for receiving reports and enforcing sanctions against breaches? Lastly, the Rapacki plan raises special problems of definition of nuclear weapons. Where is—or, still more, will be—the dividing line between nuclear and conventional? In the end, negotiations for disengagement may prove to be justified, but there are grave risks and they must not be lightly dismissed.

That concludes the first question. Let me now turn to the second question: Is the policy of negotiation, in general, wise and possible, or the reverse? On that question, I will again call upon Dr. Bolsover to begin.

George Bolsover: The Prime Minister says 'we arm to parley'; and surely no one would regard parleying as mistaken or unnecessary. But what are we to parley about, and when, and in what manner? These programmes have already examined some of the issues we might parley about, but what of the timing and particularly the form of our parleying? The popular view seems to be that the time to parley again is now, when the Russians themselves propose it. In the circumstances, this is hardly surprising. The existence of Soviet ballistic missiles as evidenced by the sputniks, the plans for West European bases for American missiles, and the likelihood that more Powers will manufacture nuclear weapons, have all combined to make the Western public favour a fresh attempt at agreement with the Soviet Union before the situation worsens, perhaps irrevocably. Some people also propose early negotiations because they fear that unless the two sides talk they may drop bombs instead; or because they want one more, final, effort to probe Russia's intentions.

To me, neither of these last two arguments is convincing. I also suspect that, as the Soviet leaders are usually encouraged to stiffen their terms by what they regard as any weakening in Western morale and determination, the prospects of success in early East-West talks may already have been jeopardised by the degree to which we seem to have let the sputnik knock us off balance: as witness in particular the unreasoning press clamour for such talks at almost any price. But renewed steadiness and a refusal to be hustled may still set matters right.

It looks at the moment as if the form of the next parley will be another meeting of heads of government. This addiction to talks at the summit seems to me unwise, at any rate from the Western viewpoint. It encourages the public to hope for sweeping and spectacular decisions, and it perpetuates the dangerous illusion that the problems dividing East and West can be resolved merely by goodwill and give-and-take on the part of three or four heads of government sitting for a few days round the conference and dinner tables. Talks at the summit also, almost inevitably, take place in a blaze of publicity which tends to inhibit real and serious negotiation, and exposes the Western participants to various pressures not to let the talks end in failure. The result—as Geneva showed in 1955—is a set of pious general formulas which really settle nothing; although they create the illusion of agreement which, Geneva also showed, the press is all too ready to represent as the dawn of a new era and a new spirit in East-West relations. Then the bubble bursts against the unchanged and prickly realities of the underlying situation; each side accuses the other of bad faith; and there are no further negotiations for another year or so.

Maybe the next summit talks will avoid the 1955 pattern, but, whether they do or not, the West should heed Mr. Kennan's recent advice, and try in future what he calls 'the patient, quiet, orderly use of the regular channels of private communication between governments, as they have grown up and proved themselves over the course of the centuries'. Summit talks, by their nature, are bound to be intermittent and general, and they have supplanted for too long the regular and specific negotiation which is possible only through ambassadors and the ordinary diplomatic machine. In a word, the West should now try to negotiate systematically and perseveringly, rather than parley in fits and starts at spectacular summit meetings. But we must not necessarily assume that even the more old-fashioned methods will produce any greater results. Unhappily, it may not yet be possible to move beyond our present state of armed coexistence.

Lord Reading: Now, Mr. Alan Bullock, Censor of St. Catherine's Society, Oxford.

Alan Bullock: Given the circumstances of the end of the war, I believe that the quarrel between Russia and the West was unavoidable. This conflict, to my mind, does not spring from mistakes in policy or from misunderstanding; it goes deeper than that and arises from the character of our two very different societies, which each is bound to regard as a challenge to the

other. For the same reason, I believe that unless one side or the other collapses or goes through a drastic and fundamental change, this conflict is likely to last. I do not believe that it can be got rid of by a summit conference, by diplomatic negotiations, or by any form of discussion. They may limit it, but I do not believe that they can get rid of it.

But I do not think this is a good reason for refusing to think again about the situation in which we find ourselves. On the contrary, after ten years of the Cold War, I believe the time has come for the Western Governments—and Western public opinion—to do some fresh thinking and ask themselves one or two pointed questions.

If I am asked, then, whether I am in favour of talks with the Russians and think them wise, my answer would depend—and I should like to see the Western Powers' answer made to depend—upon a reappraisal of their own position as they enter the second decade of the Cold War. To call for talks with the Russians and then begin to think about Western policy is putting the cart before the horse. Let us have a look at our own policy first, and then decide whether it is wise or undesirable to meet the Russians.

I suggest that there are at least two questions which the West needs to consider urgently. The first is whether there is any means by which we can limit the risk of a nuclear war and prevent the Cold War turning into mutual annihilation. I am sorry we have not had a chance to discuss this problem in the present series, for it is on this point that I find the doctrine of the *status quo* so unconvincing. In the next few years two developments are certain to make the present *status quo* untenable, whether we like it or not. The first is the development of ballistic missiles, with or without a nuclear warhead. The second is the equipment of other nations—besides Russia, America, and Britain—with nuclear weapons.

That is an alarming prospect, and it seems to me madness to plunge into this new and frightening arms race without asking ourselves now, before it begins, whether there is not something we can do to limit the risks. Maybe the answer is 'nothing'; but what possible argument can there be for not examining the question, for shutting our minds in advance? If the Western Powers are seriously to consider this question they would, I believe, come to the conclusion that it is to their interest to discuss the problem with the Russians. For the Russians, too, I suspect, must find this prospect alarming, and here, surely, there is a common interest between us, a common interest over-riding our hostility, and dictated by fear that the situation may get out of hand and threaten both sides with destruction.

The second question, I believe, the Western Powers ought to ask themselves is: How can they recapture the political initiative in the Cold War? After listening to these three programmes, I am more convinced than ever that Western policy, both in Europe and in Asia and the Middle East, is still inclined to be negative, still inclined to think of the Cold War in military terms alone, and to neglect the truth—which the Russians never forget—that in the Cold War politics and ideas count as much as missiles and bases.

This is the force, it seems to me, behind the different proposals for disengagement in Europe, and behind the arguments for a new approach to the problems of Asia and the Middle East, which we heard last week. For both take account of political as well as of military factors; both are positive and not purely defensive in character. Until the Western Powers are prepared to think along these lines, they will, I believe, be at a permanent disadvantage in the Cold War.

If the Western Powers were ready to work out new proposals of this sort, would there be any advantage in putting them forward for discussion with the Russians? I think there would; because if the Russians accepted them, even in part, this would be a gain; if they rejected them, we should at least have put them on the defensive and recaptured the political initiative.

I believe, then, that on both counts—in regard to proposals for limiting the risks of a nuclear war and for the West's adopting new policies towards the problems of Europe and the world of Asia and the Middle East—there is a case for reopening negotiations with the Russians. But the first thing—and I underline this—is for the Western Powers themselves to frame, and agree upon,

more positive policies on both issues. Until they have done that, I see no advantage in rushing into a summit conference.

Lord Strang: One thing we ought to remember is that there are many international situations which, by their very nature, are not to be resolved by negotiations. They will yield—if at all—only to the stroke of force or to the erosion of time. The present world cleavage is, I believe, one of these. It is something which only time will solve. That does not mean that there is no point in negotiating with the Russians. On the contrary, Russia is a World Power and we must expect her to concern herself with world events. There is no reason why the other Powers should not talk to her—even though it may be very difficult to get a meeting of minds.

For this kind of continuous informal talk to be carried on all the necessary channels are there. There are ambassadors in every capital, and permanent representatives at the headquarters of international organisations. But, in fact, this is not the way things are done. People have got it into their heads that the only way to talk to the Russians is to have a meeting of heads of governments. George Bolsover has described clearly the disadvantages of these summit meetings. The Prime Minister has recently explained in parliament what the last one was like: the long, formal speeches in strict rotation, ostensibly secret but almost at once textually disclosed to the thousands of newspapermen in attendance. Only very rarely was there a small, private meeting, at which there could be the effective cut and thrust of discussion.

You would think that no one in his senses would choose this way of doing international business, and most governments, very understandably, show no enthusiasm for it. It is the peoples who insist. As one of our popular newspapers said some while ago: 'The masses want a conference this year, and are in no mood for diplomatic subtleties'. But, just as in politics it is the execution rather than the conception that matters, so in diplomacy it is the details that are the essence. And those who take part in these meetings at the summit would disregard these so-called diplomatic subtleties at their peril.

These meetings are something more than diplomatic conferences—they are also, at the same time, operations in the Cold War and exercises in public relations. They are operations in the Cold War because those who meet to talk round the table are also competing for the minds of men all the world over. These meetings are also, especially for the Heads of democratic governments, exercises in public relations—that is to say in relations with their own public. This exercise must be all the more difficult to perform if the public has optimistic ideas of what the meeting is likely to achieve, and will be disappointed and resentful if its expectations are not realised. The Prime Minister, when he attends such a meeting, carries in his hands—in circumstances of great and,

indeed, I think, unnecessary hazard—the future of his country and the interests of the people whom he represents. This is an almost intolerable burden for any man to be called upon to bear, and he certainly deserves all the sympathy and all the support which we can give him.

Sir Ronald Ivelaw-Chapman: I, too, strongly support Dr. Bolsover's argument for a return to secret diplomacy. Negotiations in the full glare of the arc-light and of television cameras can get us nowhere. As the world situation stands today, both sides must go to conference prepared to give way in one direction or another if any advance is to be made. No one likes being photographed in the act of losing face.

I cannot say I have particularly enjoyed pouring cold water—as I may appear to have done this evening—on the various current proposals for negotiations. All the more so because I, personally, think that there is greater evidence of a streak of sanity prevailing in the Kremlin's public utterances today than there has been for many years past. But we must be sane too, and approach our goal with all that caution that is demanded by an age in which failure of negotiations may heighten the risk of an unwanted war—and a war that spells national suicide for both sides.

Lord Reading: I think I can sum up on the second question very briefly. Dr. Bolsover, the first witness, in all the circumstances did not regard it as surprising that there should be a demand for a parley, but regarded it as unwise, as giving exaggerated hopes. He took Mr. Kennan's view that the right method was through normal diplomatic channels.

Mr. Bullock directed attention to two questions: could we, by any means, limit the risk of a nuclear war; and how can we recapture the political initiative in a Cold War? He suggests that it must be in our interest to discuss these problems with the Russians, even if nothing comes of it. Western policy, in his view, is too negative. New proposals must be thought out and put to the Russians, but they must be more positive.

Lord Strang points out, again, that all the normal diplomatic machinery for talks exists, and that what are popularly nowadays called diplomatic subtleties and brushed aside in effect have great importance because it is in the working out of them that the essential part of such discussions lies. The summit meeting is not only a diplomatic conference but also a Cold War operation, and an exercise in public relations.

The Air Chief Marshal has no military comment, but he agrees with Dr. Bolsover and with Lord Strang.

At this point our series comes to an end. I hope that, by summing up the various arguments, I may have been of some assistance to you in the task which now lies before each of you—to consider your verdict.—*Home Service*

The World's Idle Cargo Ships

By BERTRAM MYCOCK, B.B.C. industrial correspondent

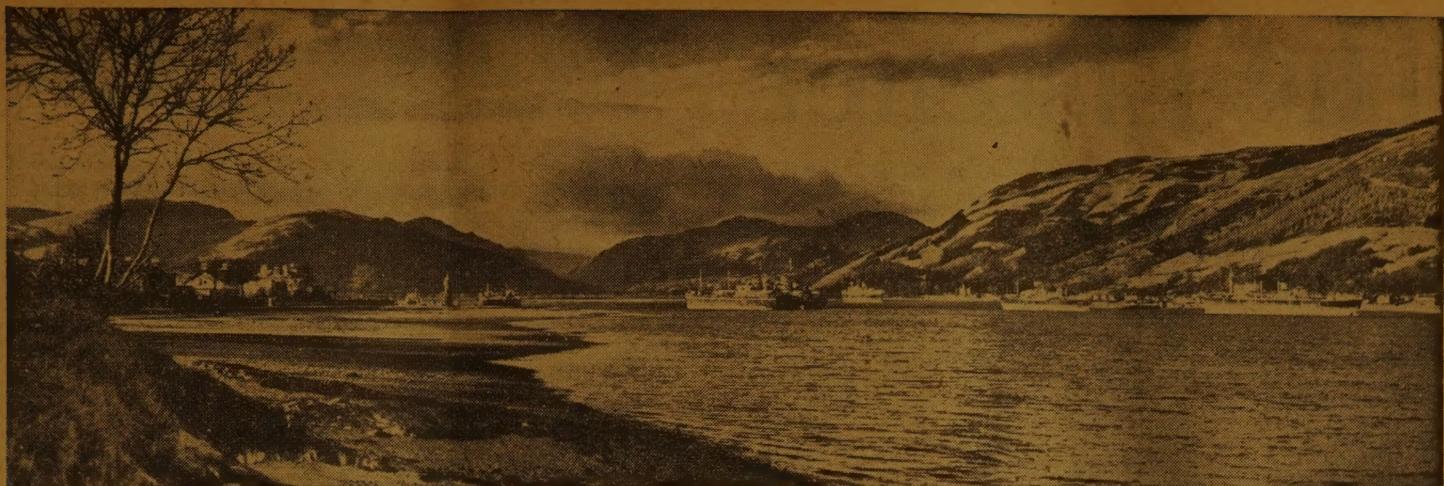
IN creeks and harbours all over the world the cargo ships lie idle. One sixth of the tanker tonnage rides high in the water with no oil to carry. Yet as recently as a year ago there were not enough tankers to carry the oil on the long haul round the Cape while the Suez Canal was still blocked. Why has this happened? Is this recession reflected in shipping, which is always a sensitive barometer of world trade? Or is there some pleasanter explanation?

Let us look at the facts and at Britain's case in particular. There seems good reason to suppose that Britain is in a peculiarly unfortunate position about her shipping and that the laying up of ships is more general round our coasts than it is elsewhere. We have about 500,000 tons of shipping lying idle. Our ship-owners are finding that the rates they can get for carrying freight are now so low that many ships cannot earn a living. By and large, the older the ship the more difficult it is to make ends meet on freight charges which have not been so low since 1954—and

remember that in the last four years the cost of running ships (the fuel, the wages, the materials) has risen considerably.

More than 3,000,000 tons of the dry cargo shipping of Britain is more than twenty years old. We still have about 100 Liberty ships under the British flag and a number of other vessels built during the war and still burning coal in an age when oil-firing is taken for granted. These are costly ships to run and many of them are committed to sail at a loss over the next few months because of contracts already entered into. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that the ship-owners of Britain become more and more angry about what one of them called the other day 'the freebooters of 1958'. This is the problem of the so-called 'flags of convenience'.

Britain, with traditions as a maritime nation going back to the Middle Ages, has about 20,000,000 tons of shipping registered under her flag. Liberia, with barely a century of existence as a country, already has more than one third of that amount and is



Shipping laid up in Holy Loch off the Clyde

adding to it year by year. Let me remind you about Liberia. This giant maritime Power is a tiny Republic on the west coast of Africa with one port whose name, Monrovia, sounds like something out of a Ruritanian opera. It has a population of about 1,000,000, nearly all of Negro stock. And ship-owners register their ships there—and in Panama and Honduras and Costa Rica—because by so doing they escape the heavy burden of taxation which falls on ship-owners in highly developed countries like Britain. So under the Liberian flag you can run a ship at the current freight rates and make a profit; under the Red Ensign it is not so easy.

The real ownership of all the ships sailing under the flags of convenience is often hidden, but it is known that the great bulk of the owners are Greek or American. This is particularly true of

the tankers. A great proportion of the most recently built tankers—the faster, larger, and therefore more economical ships—are running under these low-tax conditions.

All the same, the laying up of so many tankers may have little to do with world recession, real or imaginary. After Suez, everyone stocked up with oil, and since then industrialised Europe has had a mild winter and stocks have piled even higher. Moreover, the expansion of tanker fleets over the past few years is beginning to show itself. Many super-tankers of high speed and great capacity are making it harder for the smaller and older ships to make a living.

Does all this add up to a pointer to world recession? Or will the barometer of shipping swing back again to 'set fair'? We can only wait and guess.

—*'From Our Own Correspondent' (Home Service)*

Russia's Campaign against Drunkenness

By VICTOR ZORZA

THE campaign against drunkenness which Mr. Khrushchev launched recently has already had some effect—not, perhaps, on the amount of alcohol consumed, but certainly on the amount of printer's ink that the Soviet newspapers have used to deal with it. The articles that one comes across in the Russian newspapers are full of warnings of the terrible things that happen to people who indulge in this unhealthy habit.

There have also been complaints in the press that a bad example is given to young people, and to subordinates, by people who ought to know better. Mr. Khrushchev himself did not touch on this aspect of the matter in his recent speech, but he did have some harsh things to say about institutions which, as he put it, make 'propaganda for alcoholic beverages'. He had just been to see a film, he said, called 'Before It Is Too Late', and he had one criticism of the picture—that the film stars in it resorted to vodka much too often. Mr. Khrushchev's considered view was that 'drunkenness must not be turned into some sort of cult'.

Mr. Khrushchev is something of an expert on cults—it was he who demolished the cult of Stalin, and by the look of things he is well on the way to establishing a cult of Khrushchev. But the vodka cult in Russia is older than Khrushchev, or Stalin, or even the Tsars; and, to judge from some descriptions in the Soviet press of how widely the vodka cult is practised, Mr. Khrushchev will clearly find it more difficult to eliminate it than to eliminate, say, Mr. Malenkov or Marshal Zhukov.

A Ukrainian newspaper, for instance, has described the situation at a coal mine, the manager of which repeatedly turns up drunk for work. On one occasion the manager was so far gone that he inflicted an injury on one of his workmen. The chairman of the coal mine's trade union is, the newspaper says, always

drunk. So is the deputy manager of the mine. So are the mines party leaders, who arrange 'collective drunken orgies' with the party secretary at the head.

At another mine, according to a local newspaper from Soviet Central Asia, the habitual drunkard of a chief engineer and the technical inspector, both of them drunk, once declared a state of emergency, shut off the electric power, and sent the motorman to buy more vodka. When the rescue squad and the fire brigade arrived and found that the alarm was a false one, the man in charge of them joined in the drinking party.

In agricultural areas, too, the problem is causing difficulty. In one village, which boasted an alleged witch among its older women, the job of convincing the peasants that there are no such things as witches under Communism was made much more difficult by the local drunks. Late one night one of them saw a black sheep following him, and he was convinced that the sheep had the evil eyes of the village witch; so, he killed it. The Moscow newspaper which reported this case explained that the drunks had spread the story that every night the witch transformed herself into an animal. The man most responsible for spreading this story got his deserts when drunken neighbours killed his own hog under the impression that it was a werewolf.

Mr. Khrushchev clearly has a problem on his hands, but he is not a man to give up easily. Perhaps he will be helped by another of his campaigns, which is now going at full blast—to overtake the United States in the production of milk per head of population. There is more and more milk in Russia, but Mr. Khrushchev has not yet taken the final step in this campaign. He has not had himself photographed, as M. Mendès-France did when he was engaged in a similar campaign in France, drinking a glass of milk.—*'At Home and Abroad' (Home Service)*

The Listener



BRITISH BROADCASTING CORPORATION, LONDON, ENGLAND, 1958

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Spring Books

SPRING is a time for optimism and on the face of things publishers of books have reason to feel cheerful. The last year was not unprosperous for them—although publishers, like farmers, will rarely admit to prosperity—and the number of titles published is said to have been a 'record'. The search for the best-seller goes on unremittingly: British publishers cross the Atlantic to look for American best-sellers for their market, while American publishers are travelling in the opposite direction upon the same errand in reverse. Steady sales may apply to text-books or books about hobbies, while a valuable export market exists particularly in books of a technical character. But from the publisher's point of view other books of a broader appeal need to be noticed and catch on within a few months of publication, otherwise they lose the chance of obtaining a keen market and selling profitably.

To the layman belongs what is probably a mistaken notion of the book trade. It is easy to fancy that 'important books', studies to which authors have devoted many years of their lives, after they have received rapturous reviews in informed journals will go on to make a fortune both for the writers and the publishers. In truth the publishers will be lucky if they break even, while the author is most unlikely to earn a sum commensurate with the pains he put into his work. A publisher likes to have such 'prestige' books upon his list, but that is not how he earns his bread-and-butter. Again, a layman imagines that books are sold mainly at bookshops—and in this country that is still to a considerable extent true. But bookshops have limited accommodation and at the most can keep only small stocks of current books. Since the clearing house for books disappeared, booksellers have now to send direct to publishers to obtain books on order. This may take time and show very little profit for them. Thus a customer who goes into a shop expecting to buy a book that has not just been published may face disappointment and even discouragement, since he cannot as a rule himself go direct to the publisher to get it.

Outside Britain (and the Scandinavian countries) bookshops selling books written in English are comparatively rare. Few bookshops exist in Australia, Canada, or even in the United States. If an author is lucky enough to get his books sold at newspaper stalls or drug-stores, then his books will be seen and bought; otherwise he is dependent on orders from libraries, from universities and from other institutions. In fact it is arguable that today more than ever before publishers have become dependent upon institutions of one kind or another. The pattern of publishing is therefore changing. We are fortunate in this country in having a number of excellent booksellers in different parts of the country; but they are few and far between. The world of television and mass education and a changing export trade have presented publishers with many new and difficult problems. Theirs is a business which requires infinite skill and cunning, and weaker brethren can easily go to the wall for lack of sufficient finance. But, on the whole, British publishers appear to be adjusting themselves to new conditions; as our Book Number shows, the flow of books of every kind appears at present to be suffering no diminution.

What They Are Saying

Prospects of 'summit' conference

THE PROSPECTS of a summit conference remained in the forefront of commentaries from East and West. On March 7 Moscow radio broadcast the text of Mr. Bulganin's latest letter to President Eisenhower, proposing a Foreign Ministers' meeting next month to draw up an agenda for a 'summit' conference. It said:

There are no insurmountable obstacles to the solution of such urgent problems as the renunciation of the use of atomic and hydrogen bombs, stopping nuclear tests and creating a nuclear-free zone in Central Europe.

Mr. Bulganin went on to say that the Soviet Union was prepared to discuss banning the use of cosmic space for war purposes, the withdrawal of military bases from foreign territories, and a German peace treaty—provided both East and West Germany took part in the talks. But the Soviet Prime Minister repeated Russia's refusal to discuss German reunification or the East European states, and accused the United States of delaying a summit conference by insisting on discussing 'obviously unacceptable questions'.

On March 9 a Moscow broadcast quoting *Pravda* accused United States statesmen, by their replies to the Soviet proposals, of aiming at undermining the whole idea of a conference. Moscow broadcasts attacked in particular the statements made by Mr. Dulles at his press conference. Other points made in Moscow broadcasts were that the 'enemies of summit talks' had been deprived of a trump card by Russia agreeing to a Foreign Ministers' conference; that the Foreign Ministers, having agreed on the agenda and composition of a summit meeting, 'should not infringe on the prerogative of their Prime Ministers'; and that the Soviet suggestion of June for a summit meeting was 'in keeping with the general mood prevalent in Britain'.

The French audience was told, in a Moscow comment on Mr. Gromyko's message to M. Pineau, that 'thanks to the new Soviet initiative, things could now happen very quickly. The Soviet Union . . . has thrown overboard the last obstacle on the road to a summit conference'. The suggested composition of the conference, it was added, should cause no difficulty, since Washington and London 'let it be understood in the last twelve months that an extension, designed to place the discussions on a basis of parity, would be acceptable'. (It was not explained which Western nations would be regarded as having 'parity' with the Soviet satellite states of Czechoslovakia and Rumania.)

In the broadcast election speech from Yugoslavia on March 9, the Foreign Minister, Mr. Popovic—who said that Yugoslavia's relations with the Soviet bloc countries were improving—called for the summit meeting participants to include such uncommitted countries as India, Sweden, and Yugoslavia. He also called for a suspension of all nuclear tests and the construction of missile bases pending a summit meeting. A few days earlier President Tito was quoted as calling for an extension of an atom-free zone to include, for example, Italy, where rocket sites would be an indirect threat to Yugoslavia. On March 5 Moscow broadcast the text of a Soviet Government memorandum supporting the recent Polish memorandum on an atom-free zone, saying the Soviet Union was ready to take part in effecting control of the proposed zone.

Most satellite broadcasts bitterly attacked Mr. Dulles for obstructing a summit conference, but a Polish broadcast said:

One is more inclined to expect that the attitudes of the two sides will gradually come closer to each other. Even in Mr. Dulles' press statements one can find certain concessions to the Soviet viewpoint.

From the U.S.A. *The Washington Post* was quoted as welcoming the Soviet offer to attend a summit meeting in the United States, in the belief that it would be useful for the Soviet leaders to see something of America. Commenting on what it called Mr. Dulles' efforts at his press conference to be firm towards the Soviet Union without being entirely negative, the newspaper stated:

It is quite true, we think, that the United States and the Western allies have not done all they could to advance proposals in which there is a reasonable chance the Soviet Union could accept. But the Soviet Union, far from itself suggesting points of substance, still seems intent on getting something for nothing.

Did You Hear That?

HOTTING UP BANKING

'THAT AUGUST BODY, the American Bankers' Association', said DOUGLAS WILLIS, a member of the B.B.C.'s Washington staff, in 'Today', 'conducted a survey recently to try to find out how the American public views its bankers, and was alarmed to find that it thought bank officials were stuffed shirts, cool, aloof and lacking in friendliness. The association promptly urged the nation's bank presidents to become more cordial, and the *Wall Street Journal* began looking round for a really friendly banker, and found one in the southern city of Atlanta, Georgia. He is Mr. Mills Lane, who is the President of the Citizens' and Southern-Bank, which has twenty-seven branches in the south, New York, and Chicago. Mr. Lane greets all his visitors with: 'It's a wonderful world. Can I sell you any money?' He sometimes appears at work wearing a baseball or a football player's uniform when he is engaged on financial deals concerning either sport. He has been known to fill the entrance hall of his biggest bank with sheep to promote a new agricultural project.

'Recently when he was engaged in a race with another bank to open a branch office, Mr. Lane became worried when work on his building was delayed. To win the race, he converted a builder's shack into a banking office and called it the Citizens' and Southern's Pioneer Post. He dressed the bank clerks in Davy Crockett costumes and hired a fleet of "gay 'nineties" hansom cabs to carry depositors to the branch office. Mr. Lane told the *Wall Street Journal*: "There has been a vacuum in American banking, a lack of warmth. We want to bring warmth to banking and I think we're succeeding".

'One of his most important clients—the President of a passenger airline—said that Mr. Lane may be flamboyant at times, but, the client added, "he has a built-in gyroscope which keeps him flying level and straight".

'Mr. Lane, who is paid \$70,000 a year in salary, has quadrupled the bank's deposits during the last ten years, and keeps his office door continually open to visitors, whether they want to borrow a \$1,000,000 or \$50 to pay the dentist. He drives a Rolls Royce, or any one of five antique cars, including a London taxicab. He entertains rarely, but when he does the party is usually elaborate. Some months ago he gave a Hawaiian party round his swimming pool in the garden of his house; imported a Hawaiian band from Chicago; furnished his guests with sun helmets, and added a further touch by installing mechanical lions and tigers which sprang at the guests from behind bushes'.

'SOCK' LAMBS

'In a Kent newspaper the other day', said WALLACE ARTER in 'Town and Country', 'I noticed an advertisement offering a "sock" lamb for sale. It surprised me. I have had dealings with sock lambs, off and on, ever since I was a small boy, but I never remember seeing one advertised before.'

'For those who do not know the word, I had better explain that a sock lamb is one that is not only reared on the bottle but is also tame. Pretty often it becomes a household pet—and that has led to many a tearful battle when the time has come for the sock to go back to the flock or, what is worse,

to the butcher.

'Some never do. Down at Udimore, in Sussex, I once saw a sock which had been a pet for twelve years—and had produced a lamb of her own every season.'

'As a small boy I used to be sent off at dusk with a couple of bottles of warm milk to feed four lambs—and mighty scared I used to be going home along the edge of a dark wood and through a churchyard. They were not real socks—but we did have one which followed a member of the family about and formed the embarrassing habit of waiting outside the pub when it got lost.'

'Why "sock"? I do not know unless it is a corruption of "suckle"—but old Jimmy knew, when a particular nosy and patronising visitor asked him. "Why", he said, "thought everybody knew that. We feed 'em special from the bottle so's they'll grow the right sort o' wool for making socks".'

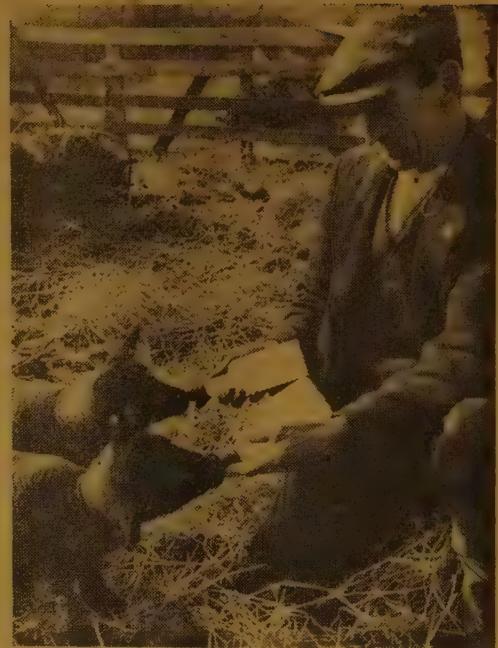
WINTER IN KEW GARDENS

'In March, Kew has' not the milling crowds and the acres of colour it has in May or June', said BARBARA HOOPER in 'The Eye-witness'. 'But it is alive, very much alive, busy with noises

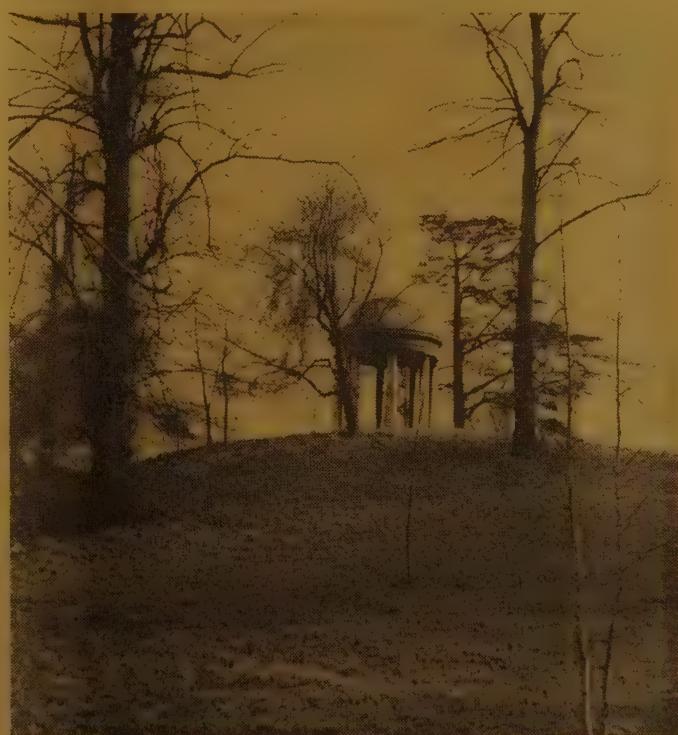
—the tugs hooting on the river, the aeroplanes circling in towards London Airport, the ducks and the moorhens croaking on the lake, green garden lorries rumbling round, and behind it all a perpetual lively accompaniment of birds' song. Birds are scrabbling in the rhododendrons; within a few yards there are sparrows and blackbirds, chaffinches and tits, pigeons and moorhens, even two black swans with crimson beaks, padding about on the grass—grass that is littered with daisies.

'All the time, people keep walking by. Some of them are regulars here who stroll through the gardens every single day of the year, no matter what the weather. Even in winter Kew draws its Sunday crowds. Five thousand people came here last Sunday, and 9,000 the Sunday before. There is plenty for them to see.'

'The crocuses and the snowdrops are nearly over, but daffodils are coming into bloom on the Temple of Venus mound,



Hand-feeding lambs with milk on an Essex farm



Winter in Kew Gardens: a photograph taken last week of the Mound of Venus, where daffodils are coming into bloom

with its architectural oddity on top. Besides the daffodils there are yellow primroses and jasmine, forsythia, yellow and purple pansies that are called winter sun, and there are bright blue scillas, white and purple heather, and the pink buds of *prunus palladi*, *japonica*, and flowering currant, and almond and cherry trees in full blossom. I have seen a dwarf purple rhododendron with flowers fully out.

'The alternate patches of good and bad weather that we have had lately, the snow and the frost, have not done much harm here. What did do harm though, was the recent gale. The fierce wind brought down a beech tree and some smaller trees, and it swept a great many buds off one of the trees they are rather proud of—a sort of flowering sycamore. The other thing they are much worried about at Kew is late frost. One of the botanical officers told me sharp frost could snap off buds all over the place.

'There is much work going on in the gardens: edging and tidying up; getting rid of the wheel-marks the tractors left when they moved fallen timber; sawing up this timber, some of it for selling, some to be burnt as logs, and some of the poorer stuff to be destroyed on the perpetual bonfire that is always burning the year round in Cambridge Cottage grounds. They are also re-clamping the big lake. It is an artificial lake on a bed of sand and gravel, so every so often they have to "puddle" it up again with clay, and make sure it is really watertight.'

TOO MANY GULLS

'THE processes by which a desirable residential area becomes a slum have been studied in all parts of the world', said CHRISTOPHER SERPELL, B.B.C. correspondent in Washington, in 'Today'. 'The latest scene of such deterioration, according to *The New York Times*, is the lonely islands in Gardiner's Bay at the eastern end of Long Island, New York.

'These islands have long been the home of three aristocratic families of the bird world, the terns, or sea-swallows; the shearwaters, or black skimmers; and the fish-hawks, or ospreys. Indeed, Gardiner's Island, where some of Captain Kidd's treasure was once dug up, and Cartwright Island were long believed to be the only places in the world where ospreys nested on the ground.

'Up to 1935 these three families flourished in spite of occasional disturbances by pirates burying treasure, other people trying to find it, and about fifty years ago by the much more dangerous arrival of people seeking osprey plumes to put in ladies' hats. But the first families of Gardiner's Bay survived even that. It was in 1935 that they saw the arrival of one family of prolific low-class immigrants—a pair of herring-gulls. Today, twenty-three years later, there are from 18,000 to 20,000 of these herring-gulls cluttering up the beaches, preying on other birds' eggs and nestlings and generally comporting themselves in the aggressive, ruthless and quite ill-mannered way of seagulls anywhere.'

'Local bird-watchers now report that the old families of Gardiner's Bay are leaving their familiar haunts. The terns and the shearwaters have disappeared already, there are only sixty osprey nests on the ground of Gardiner's Island where there were twice that number fifteen years ago. And on Cartwright Island, which is being eaten away by the sea, there are only two osprey nests left. Said one bird-watcher: "The gulls have become so

thick that the ospreys can hardly get back through the flocks to feed their young".'

'What is the cause of this herring-gull invasion? Well, it looks as if man is to blame as usual for disturbing the balance of nature. Man has been dumping his garbage in the sea round these islands and herring-gulls go for garbage.'

SATURDAY NIGHT IN THE NORTH

'When I was a young man', said ARTHUR BARTON in 'The Northcountryman', 'Saturday night was the highlight of the week. There was no freedom on Sunday in those days, but from the moment a triumphant hooter sounded at noon on Saturday, until midnight, was all our time.'

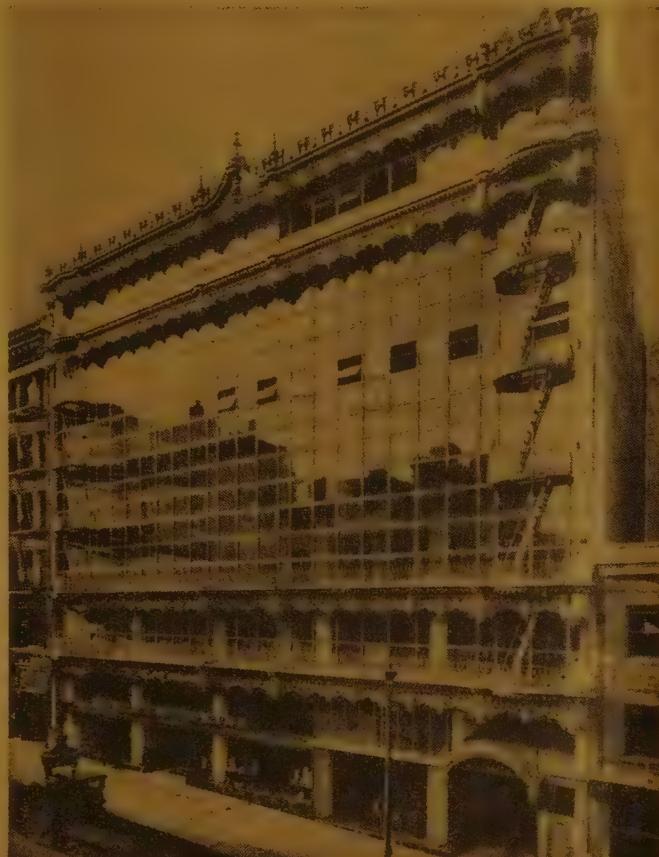
'The afternoon passed quickly. There was always something urgent to be done—a game of football to be played, a bicycle to clean out in the yard, even, in the rare peace of an empty house, a book to read. But soon there would be the scurry of bare feet and the high unintelligible cries of the newspaper boys. The streets would wake to tea-time life as the sky darkened and laden mothers plodded wearily home. Then the lamps were lit and it was Saturday night.'

'After tea came the ritual of dressing. There were really only two styles. The last generation bloods of our shipyard town wore wide fawn flannels—an offshoot of Oxford bags—plum-coloured double-breasted jackets, and a kind of flat-topped trilby that looked vaguely Spanish. This effect was sometimes heightened by the growing of sideboards. The other form of dress was a navy blue suit, navy overcoat, and white muffler. This was the badge of all our tribe. There was also a check cap. Foremen and above might wear a bowler as a regular thing.'

'The town had two main streets and a small market place. These were lighted by gas lamps in those days and in the market, smoky flares played over the features of barkers selling the cheap chocolates and quack medicines with the fervour of local preachers. Round these streets we roved, cigarettes in our mouths, and money in our pockets. Sometimes we stopped to watch the Salvation Army outside the

cinema. A man swung a lantern aloft above the swaying books. The big silver instruments flashed and boomed. In the dance hall above the "Co-op" saxophones were moaning "Valencia", and girls, wearing exotic frocks that swept the pavement under their winter coats, clicked by on a breeze of violet-scented air. Some of us followed but others missed a turn or two round the streets to browse in the dim reading room of the Mechanics' Institute. There we gulped down strong draughts of culture from *T.P.'s* and *John O'London's* and *The Outline*.

'At last the only lighted shop was that of the fishmonger auctioning his last limp bloaters. Dark doorways began to fill up with cats, lovers, and policemen. Round the Rolling Mill tavern tipsy groups shook hands in an eternal good-night. Then home to the plate of fish and chips left on the hob. The sands ran out as we stood at the open window to see a red glow above the blast furnaces, and to hear a tugboat's wail bringing some big ship up on the tide. Then in the silence the church clock had the last word as it struck midnight: Sunday'.



The Hallidie Building in San Francisco, built in 1918, one of the photographs in the exhibition, '1857-1957: One Hundred Years of Architecture in America', at the Royal Institute of British Architects. MICHAEL PATRICK, interviewed about this exhibition by David Holmes, B.B.C. reporter, described this building in 'The Eye-witness' as the 'first genuine example of curtain walling, that is to say, a huge store building, five or six storeys high, the front of which is covered almost entirely with a sheet of glass'.

Prices, Productivity, and Incomes

A symposium on the first Report of the Cohen Council

I—Diagnosing the Trouble

By C. R. ROSS

THE Report sets out to examine two questions: first, what has been the cause of the persistent rise in prices since the end of the war; and second, how can we stop this process of price inflation from going on indefinitely? Considering the complexity of the problem, and the strong differences of opinion which exist about it, the apparently clear-cut way in which the Report answers these questions comes as something of a surprise.

The Council's view is, in fact, the familiar one that the main force behind the rise in prices has been 'an abnormally high level of demand, maintained for an abnormally long period'. Post-war reconstruction, the expansion of the social services, the heavy burden of defence expenditure, and large investment programmes, both private and public, have combined to create this abnormally high level of demand; and all this, coupled with rising consumers' expenditure, has proved more than our productive capacity could handle. This overloading and congestion, so the Report says, has led to a shortage of labour; and, in order to get over this, some firms have been prepared to bid up the price of labour above the nationally agreed rates; other firms have been forced to follow suit, and the result has been a persistent inflation of incomes, costs, and prices. On this view, price stability can be achieved only if the level of demand is cut down; and the Report goes on to endorse Mr. Thorneycroft's measures of last September as belated recognition by the Government of the truth of this diagnosis.

The Council admits that it has placed much more emphasis on the part played by excess demand than many other observers would. I believe myself that the members of the Council have seriously overestimated it; and by doing so they have failed to appreciate both the intractability of the problem and the risks inherent in the policy they recommend. I do not want to go into past history; the important question now is what the Council's recommendations imply for future policy. The Report is explicit about the immediate consequences of its recommendations about cutting down total demand. We must expect a reduction in the amount of overtime working, some retirement of married women from employment, and some increase in total unemployment. The result of this should be that firms will no longer have to offer special inducements to attract more labour; employers will show much stiffer resistance to wage claims, and trade unions will be less forceful in pressing them, so that the pressure of incomes on costs, and costs on prices, will be moderated.

What really matters is how much unemployment will be required to do the trick. If we could rely on getting price stability at the cost of, say, 2 or 2½ per cent. unemployment, compared with the 1½ per cent. or so of the past ten years, it might be worth it—provided that people were not forced to remain unemployed for long periods and that the reduction in demand did not have any other undesirable repercussions. On the other hand, the majority of people would probably regard anything much above 3 per cent. as excessive. In fact, we do not know what the effects on unemployment will be, and we know even less about the effects on costs.

Since 1948, negotiated wage rates have risen by about 6 per cent. per annum on average, while, over the economy as a whole, production per man has been rising by rather less than 2½ per cent. per annum. For stability, earnings and output per man ought to rise at about the same rate: in other words, the average rate of increase in money wages consistent with price stability is between 2 and 2½ per cent. per annum—not the 6 per cent. per

annum of the past ten years. How much unemployment and industrial friction will be involved in reducing this 6 per cent. to 2½? The Council is optimistic; but the fact is, nobody knows, and there may be serious risks involved in trying to find out.

If it is hard to judge the amount of deflation necessary to achieve price stability, it is even more difficult to assess the effects of damping down demand on our rate of economic progress. The Council has surprisingly little to say on this subject. Damping down demand certainly involves a temporary cutting back of production, and the Council insists that some contraction of output and some redeployment of labour is a necessary preliminary to stability; but the Report gives no indication of how big an adjustment is required, or how long it is likely to take. The impression is left that any fall in production will be only temporary; and once we have got rid of the overload of excess demand, the long-run rate of progress will be as fast as anything achieved so far.

I think that this may be over-optimistic. There is a real risk that, if the Council's view is accepted, we shall achieve price stability at the cost of industrial stagnation. The long-run implication of the Council's diagnosis seems to be clear: whenever the pace of expansion becomes strong enough to cause pressure on costs and prices, the Government must take action to reduce demand. In so far as this reduces investment, it will reduce the growth of productive capacity, and may very well retard the growth of productivity; and in a more deflationary climate, the forces making for the introduction of technical improvements and new products will probably be weakened.

On the Council's diagnosis, it is the over-vigorous pursuit of economic expansion that is the cause of the trouble; and it might be argued that some slowing-down in our rate of progress, at least over the next five or ten years, is the price we have to pay for economic stability. I believe that it is seriously misleading to put the issue in this way. The problem of reconciling expansion and stability is not just a British problem: none of the industrial countries of the free world has found the answer to it. Looked at internationally, a general policy of damping down demand is likely to have serious repercussions on political and economic relations with the under-developed countries. In the past year or so, we have seen most major industrial countries pursuing restrictive banking policies in order to check increases in their domestic costs and prices: these policies are now having uncomfortable consequences for the economies of the under-developed countries, and the present recession in world trade is scarcely a good advertisement for the economic institutions of the free world. From a British point of view, our future as an industrial power depends not merely on our ability to keep prices stable but also on the momentum of our economic expansion, but this is a point Professor Carter will be dealing with more fully.

If we are to do this, we need to overhaul our present system of collective bargaining. With wage increases determined industry by industry, there is nothing in our present arrangements which can ensure that the rate of increase in wages in a particular industry is in any way consistent with what is required for national price stability. What ought to happen—if prices are to be kept stable—is that in industries where productivity is increasing fast, wages should rise less rapidly than production per man, and the difference passed on in lower prices. In the industries where productivity cannot be increased so easily, on the other hand, wages will probably have to rise faster than output per man, and costs and prices will be rising.

We shall never keep prices stable until we can get this kind of pattern, with money incomes going up no faster on average than total production, and sufficient price reductions to offset the price increases. There is no evidence that we can rely on damping down demand and on the forces of competition to bring about

this pattern automatically. To be sure of any workable solution, we need to develop a new kind of wages policy which will consciously relate individual wage increases to the growth of overall productivity. I realise that in the present state of political controversy this looks unlikely. But the alternatives are continuing inflation or the risk of industrial stagnation.

II—Increasing the Cake

By C. F. CARTER

MANY INDUSTRIAL READERS of the Cohen Council's report must have felt rather depressed by its implications for the future. Assuming that the objective of stable prices is appropriate, it seems inescapably necessary to use monetary, fiscal or other controls over the growth of demand. This causes a check to the growth of production, which (the Council says) is to be 'expected and tolerated'; it causes a check to investment, of which the Council is 'not disposed to take a tragic view'. But why should the check be temporary? How can it ever be possible to lessen the relentless pressure of high taxes, high interest rates, and credit controls? And if we are always busy in removing incentives to increase production and to modernise productive methods, how shall we ever attain that state of comfortable wealth in which the quarrels over the division of the national cake will be less acute?

One hears a good deal of the promise for the future created by technical progress. I have recently been concerned with the study of a considerable number of improvements of product or process made in British industry during the past few years. A large proportion of these have been made either under the pressure of an immediate excess of demand or because of a strong expectation of rising demand in the future. I mean something more than a vague belief in a rising trend; some industrialists have been assuming that they live in a world of continuous full employment and continuous expansion. It is uncomfortably near the truth to say that recent technical progress has been the brother of inflation. Technical progress is not merely essential in order that we may have a bigger cake to divide; it is essential if we are to keep our place in international trade against the competition of great industrial rivals. Can we create conditions in which the economy will be progressive without being inflationary?

Throughout 1956 and the early part of 1957, production failed to increase, and the productivity of labour fell slightly. More recently, production has been a little higher and the labour force actually employed a little lower, so that the productivity of labour has risen, especially in manufacturing industry. But what of the productivity of capital? The new and modernised capacity created by the investment boom of 1955-56 seems over the last few months to have been coming into use. Much of it was ordered in the expectation of a rise in demand which has not been allowed to occur. It is therefore working at low output, low efficiency, and high cost. This is no doubt partly responsible for the tendency of prices to creep upwards, while so many imports have become cheaper and profits have been declining.

In other words, in avoiding the over-full employment of labour we have created an under-employment of capital. We can, of course, say that the investment boom was all an unfortunate mistake, and cut back investment until the national capital is normally employed again. This would be equivalent to a decision to bake the national cake in a smaller cake-tin. Or we can try to justify the optimism of 1955; and we then find ourselves back again at the dilemma that to re-inflate demand sufficiently to justify the expectations of 1955 would almost certainly produce renewed price rises. We live in an economy with a built-in tendency to inflate.

There is, in fact, no neat point of balance at which prices will be stable and both labour and capital well, but not excessively, employed. As far as I can see, the degree of control over demand necessary to maintain stable prices would at present require considerable under-employment of labour and capital, and would thereby remove much of the incentive to improve and extend the equipment of industry. Without that improvement and extension we shall not have the swiftly growing production which is the long-run hope for a delivery from our problems. Inflation is a

more complex matter than it appears in the polished phrases of the Cohen Council's report; it is difficult to find a cure which does not make the disease worse.

The only escape from these dilemmas (assuming free private enterprise) seems to me to lie in a considerable change in the attitudes of industry. At present British industry has learned, like Pavlov's dog, to respond to the bell of excess demand. How can it be conditioned to respond in a world where customers are not queueing at the shop door, and the hopes of rising demand in the future may be linked with falling, rather than with rising, prices? One answer is to create sharper conditions of competition; and on this the Cohen Council has had some salutary and unpopular things to say, especially on the fixing of prices in the shops by the manufacturer. The Restrictive Practices Act of 1956, while prohibiting the collective fixing of prices, made it easier for the individual manufacturer to enforce uniformity of price at the various places where his product is sold. The Council thinks that this important interference with competition should be reconsidered. But it is not true to suppose that competition will necessarily lead to rapid technical progress, or to bold planning of investment. Industry is much too complex to submit to such generalisations. In some trades, the removal of the featherbed of restrictive agreements might awaken management to the possibilities of advance. In other trades, the main effect of greater competition would be to create greater uncertainty, and uncertainty is the enemy of progress.

Nevertheless, it would be a considerable change for the better if industry were less coy about reducing prices. If we are to suppose that no price reduction ever produces a worthwhile increase of demand—that no reduction is ever profitable—then Lord Cohen and his colleagues may as well join the ranks of the unemployed forthwith. Their exhortations on this matter are exceedingly mild, contrasting oddly with their definite views on wages. To industry they say:

Granted that business men know their own business best, there must be occasions in some businesses when the advantages of a high profit margin on a smaller turnover, and of a low profit margin on a larger turnover, with all that the latter might mean in the way of greater stability of production and improved consumer goodwill, are pretty evenly balanced; and it seems not unreasonable to ask that on such occasions the public interest should be allowed to turn the scale.

But do we not need to say more than this? Ought we not to use the arts of propaganda to help secure public honour to the firm which takes the risk of a price reduction, and to require due justification from the firm which increases its prices? Ought we not to do more to educate the consuming public to be sensitive to price and more definite in demanding value for money?

With the Council's condemnation of the evils of inflation I heartily agree. If it is possible to find the secret of high and rising activity with stable or falling prices everyone should feel greatly relieved. The United States apparently had this secret in the years before the great crash of 1929; but she has now forgotten the clue, and has been suffering from rising prices and recession at the same time. In my view, the Cohen Council has still to show a reason for believing that, after a temporary interruption in the growth of production and in investment, high activity would be re-established, and it would become possible to ease the present restrictions. Industry is not easily made active and progressive under the tyranny of the White Queen's rule: 'Jam tomorrow and jam yesterday—but never jam today'.

III—Accommodating the Unions

By B. C. ROBERTS

ALTHOUGH NOT HAPPY about the establishment of the Cohen Council, the T.U.C. eventually decided to give evidence, in spite of the opposition of certain prominent figures, in the hope that the Council's Report might prove to be not entirely unsympathetic to the union point of view. It is because those who supported the giving of evidence feel that they have been let down, and the rest feel that their fears have been amply confirmed by the contents of the report, that criticism of the Cohen Council has

been so bitterly hostile. The unanimous denunciation of the Council's Report does, however, hide a significant difference of opinion among the trade union critics. One group, the laissez-faire collectivists, have attacked the Council's Report on the grounds that it is a diabolical interference with the freedom of collective bargaining. The others, the neo-socialists, who lean towards a national wages policy, are hostile because the Report contains no proposals that would be a step towards a more administered economy.

There is, in fact, nothing in the Cohen Council's Report that could be remotely considered as an attack on collective bargaining. Continuance of the traditional methods of wage settlement is assumed throughout, and the Council stresses the importance of adjusting wage levels to meet the need to attract labour where it is required. 'This flexibility of relative wages', as the Council puts it, 'is the chief means on which the country must rely to ensure the best distribution of its labour force'. Whilst not wishing to interfere directly with collective bargaining the Council does emphatically assert that inflation will not be checked if wages and other incomes continue to rise much faster than output, as they have done since the end of the war; but the Council rejects the idea that it would be desirable to announce a specific figure by which average money wages could safely increase during the year. To state that aggregate wages should not rise much faster than the total output of goods and services, if prices are to be stabilised, is merely to state a truism that is at once apparent to anyone who looks at the facts.

The Council does not, however, accept the socialist view that the principal cause of inflation has been the bargaining power of the unions. It does not, therefore, consider the desirability of adopting some system of wage control similar to those in existence in Holland or Sweden. It is because the Council is in favour of a society in which wages, salaries, and profits are settled broadly, as at present, by the play of the market, that it has come down on the side of regulating the aggregate level of demand by monetary and fiscal policies rather than by reintroducing direct controls over investment and prices, dividend limitation, and an increase in subsidies, as suggested by the T.U.C.

The trade unions are naturally sensitive to the danger of high unemployment and fear any policy that might result in the demand for labour falling below the inflationary level. They are, therefore, extremely reluctant to admit that even the slightest reduction in the demand for labour is necessary. Mr. Ross thinks, and a number of trade union leaders now apparently think like him, that full employment, maximum economic growth, and stable prices are only compatible with some limitation of free collective bargaining. The Cohen Council is not so pessimistic as this; its members think that stability can be reached and maintained without the destruction of our established methods, at the price of a modest increase in unemployment, and without any seriously adverse effects on investment.

I appreciate Mr. Ross' desire to keep the British economy working at full stretch, but I do not believe that the way to obtain maximum output in the long run is to race the engine until it boils, since this is bound to lead to a slowing down in order to cool off. Both previous speakers, in my opinion, seriously underestimate the adverse effect which inflation has on the quantity and quality of production, and I think they both over-exaggerate the dangers of curbing the level of excess demand.

In view of the great increase in real capital formation during the past three years, years of high interest rates, I cannot understand how it can be stated that the disinflationary monetary policy has resulted in industrial stagnation. Indeed, I think that it can be shown that the effect of tighter credit has been to cut back the less important kinds of output such as consumption, goods, and housing, and not the basic engineering, power, and construction industries. Of course, if the Bank rate is kept high for too long it will have the dire consequences foreseen by Mr. Ross; its reduction is a matter of careful timing, but I think that evidence is accumulating to show that the drastic action of last September has produced the results desired and I believe that the time for a reduction cannot be far distant. I would like to add that I do not believe that a high Bank rate is the only method, or even the best method, of reducing excess demand, but so far the criticism of its ill effects has been based on ideology rather than on empirical evidence.

I cannot avoid taking issue with Mr. Ross on another point about which the unions have also expressed concern. I find it difficult to understand how Britain can improve her position, or that of the undeveloped territories, by inflating if the rest of the world is deflating. Clearly the behaviour of the American economy is crucial here; only they can prevent a world-wide depression. But we have recently sent a high-level delegation to Washington to express our anxieties about the present situation.

I agree with previous speakers that our system of collective bargaining is on trial and much depends on how the unions face up to their responsibilities. The dilemma which faces the unions, if price stability is to be achieved, is that they must either accept some form of central control over collective bargaining, or a policy in principle similar to that supported by the Cohen Council. To reject both policies is to reject stable prices.

The fear that the next Labour government might be overwhelmed by inflation unless the unions agree not to push up wages faster than production was behind recent private discussions between leaders of the unions and leaders of the Labour Party. These talks were not entirely successful, since certain trade union leaders were reluctant to give any guarantees that their organisations would accept a wages policy in advance of events. They wanted to be certain that prices would be stabilised before they pledged their support for a policy of wage restraint. This point of view is understandable, but it is precisely when prices are rising that wage restraint becomes of maximum importance, since the spiral is only given another upward twist if wages are immediately pushed to levels that exceed the rate of output. Some trade union leaders are convinced that the whole attitude of the unions towards this problem of wage policy will change when a Labour government is in office and when members feel that incomes are being more fairly distributed. There may be some doubt as to whether it will be possible to make the distribution of income much more equal than it is today, but even if this were achieved I do not think that it would discourage wage claims or prevent employers paying more to satisfy their demand for labour, if the Government's general economic policy were creating excess demand. It is surely significant that, in spite of Labour governments, egalitarianism and national wage policies, incomes have risen much faster than the supply of goods and services in Holland, Sweden, and Australia. In these countries, the models we are being asked to follow, price inflation has, in fact, only been checked by the kind of policies supported by the Cohen Council.

If the Government can control the level of demand so that it does not exceed output, and if employers can be persuaded, as the Cohen Council and Professor Carter suggest, to lower prices by increasing turnover, then I am sure that it would be possible for the unions to exercise the necessary restraint. But they will have to make up their minds about the kind of economic system they really want.

IV—Defending the Pound

By JAMES MEADE

IT WAS NOT the purpose of the Cohen Report to consider in detail this aspect of the problem; but in my view it provides the main justification for the great emphasis which the Council's members have put on price stability. It is above all our overseas economic relations which should make us willing to put ourselves out, to consider changes in our methods of wage-fixing, for example, if this should be necessary for trying to square the circle and to put a stop to the present continuous inflation of money prices and costs without having to abandon policies for full employment and economic growth.

We all know that if money prices and costs rise in the United Kingdom more rapidly than they do in other countries, then we are likely to have serious balance-of-payments crises. This is so for two reasons. When the prices of our manufactures rise more rapidly than those of similar American, German, or Japanese products, buyers all over the world will buy less from us and more from our competitors. Moreover, traders, bankers, and governments who hold some of their capital in the form of

balances of sterling will become distrustful of the future of sterling as a store of value if it is losing its purchasing power over goods and services more rapidly than the dollar, the mark, and other currencies; they will sell sterling to hold these other currencies; and this puts a strain on our balance of payments.

What can we do to meet such a development? Imports might be restricted by import licensing; but if our prices and costs are continually getting more and more out of line with those of our competitors, the strain on our balance of payments will become greater and greater, and the import restrictions will have to become more and more severe. This would be a very serious development for a country like the United Kingdom which has to import so much of its essential raw materials and foodstuffs. Or we could devalue the pound. If a pound exchanges for only \$2 instead of \$2.8, then goods for which we charge £1 will sell at a correspondingly lower price in terms of foreign currencies; and this would offset an undue rise in our domestic costs. But if speculators expected our domestic inflation to continue at a rate more rapid than in other countries, they would expect a series of such devaluations of the pound to be necessary. They would attempt to anticipate this by flying still more quickly out of sterling into other currencies. In the case of a country which, like the United Kingdom, acts as banker for so many persons and institutions in the rest of the world, it is especially important to avoid such a distrust of the national currency.

We hold reserves of gold and dollars to act as a temporary buffer when such a strain arises on our balance of foreign payments: but the last war has left us with a sadly deficient reserve. Before the war our gold and dollar reserves were enough to cover some nine months of imports into the United Kingdom; in recent years we have had enough gold and dollars to finance only about three months' imports. Before the war our gold and dollar reserves were about equal to the total of our short-term sterling debts to our overseas creditors; now we hold reserves of foreign currency and gold equal to only about one quarter of our immediate sterling debts to foreigners. For this reason a moderate and temporary fluctuation in our balance of payments on trading or on capital account can cause an alarming reduction in our gold and dollar reserves. This whole situation would be totally transformed if we could devise domestic monetary, budgetary, and wage-fixing policies which enable us to preserve full employment and economic growth at a stable level of money prices.

Even if we could successfully avoid domestic inflation there would, in this changing world, remain some fluctuations in the overseas demand for our products. For example, a worsening of the present American recession, or a reduction in costs of German manufactures which compete with ours, could seriously hurt our export markets even if we avoid any further price inflation. These remaining difficulties in our balance of payments should, in my view, be met by allowing the rate of exchange between the pound sterling and foreign currencies to vary. If there were some fall in the foreign demand for our products, the pound could be allowed to depreciate somewhat; this would cheapen our exports in foreign currencies; and it would raise the price of our imports in sterling. This, in my opinion, would in due course so expand our exports and contract our imports as to restore equilibrium to our balance of payments. It is often argued that such a policy is dangerous for a country which has very low reserves. For when something goes wrong with the balance of payments and the pound begins to depreciate, speculators may lose faith in the pound and by trying to fly from the pound may in the end put more pressure on sterling than would have been exerted if the rate of exchange had all the time been kept firmly fixed.

This argument is often a strong one; but it loses its force if stability of domestic prices can be effectively and fully assured. For in such circumstances when the pound threatens to depreciate by more than is necessary to achieve a long-term balance in our overseas payments, speculators—firm in the knowledge that the sterling price of our own domestic production will be held stable—will purchase rather than sell sterling; and thus they will support its value in the short run, while a moderate depreciation is working out its long-run effects in encouraging exports and discouraging imports.

But this is much too apologetic a way for me to speak of the

balance-of-payments aspect of proposals for setting a firm ceiling to demonstrate prices. If we really could stabilise the sterling price of our own products, then so long as any price inflation was expected to continue in the rest of the world there would be an underlying tendency for the pound to appreciate in the foreign exchange markets. Even if all foreign inflations were brought under control, there would be more or less equal chances of the pound appreciating or depreciating and in any case no chance of any enormous depreciation of the pound. The only chance of a substantial depreciation of the pound would be the possibility of a serious deflation of money incomes and prices in the United States and elsewhere. But the nineteen-thirties have shown that in such circumstances, in order to avoid deflationary influences, overseas countries are likely to hitch their currencies to the pound rather than to the dollar. Indeed, I would go so far as to argue that the only way in which we can hope to continue to combine the role of international banker with our present exiguous reserves of foreign exchange is to give the foreigner a firm confidence in the real purchasing power of our currency rather than in its fixity in terms of other currencies. In such circumstances I would expect it to fare very well.

Our present dilemma is shared by many countries of the Western world. For in nearly all of them it seems that so long as we maintain full employment and rapid economic growth money wage rates are likely to rise more quickly than the productivity of labour. We have led the world before in the development of political and economic policies and institutions. Let us do so again. For us the issue is particularly important; for it is probably the only way in which we can preserve our leading position in the world economy and, at the same time, enjoy prosperity at home.—*Third Programme*

Diana and Actaeon

When he burst flushed and sweating from the woods
Into the glade and saw her at her bath
She did not really care; cool liberal gods
Had long outgrown the furious routine
Of outraged majesty and vengeance. Death
Seemed an old barbarous penance for small sin.

How could her still immortal beauty change
Or the least trickle of her power be lost
To human eye-beam; why should she disarrange
A marble pose for his symbolic lance?
The nymphs ran screaming; but she only cast
From a pure shoulder's curve a backward glance.

And he, who never thought of goddesses
Or anything but hounds and boar-spears, read
Nothing at all in lightning of her eyes—
Except that there was plainly some mistake;
The hot Boeotian athlete simply stared
After the stag fast vanished in the brake.

She knew it well enough, lust of the chase,
Momently felt the hunter's sympathy.
Divinity can in a flash embrace
A mortal passion: but immortal fire
Burns with a ray whose mere proximity
Blasts, tears or turns to stone, without desire.

An old dumb logic harsher than the gods' will
Decreed whoever trips upon their power
Must fall its prey. Fate hangs about them still.
From hunter he must be the quarry; see,
Horns spring from his brow; she must forbear
To halt the doom she would have had him flee.

She could forgive, and maybe time would too,
That this great innocent had chanced to spy
Her loneliness. And then the old taboo
Stirred in the grove, swelled through the sacred bounds;
And through her white throat in a shivering sigh
Its voice cried havoc to the yelping hounds.

GRAHAM HOUGH

An Archaeological Discovery in Turkey

By JAMES MELLAART

IN December 1956, at Burdur in south-west Turkey, a local schoolmaster showed me a photograph of two complete painted pots; he said they had been found by peasants at Hacilar, a village sixteen miles up the main road leading from Burdur to the west coast. The pots were decorated with most extraordinary designs, at first sight reminiscent of Mexican or Peruvian vases, and it was difficult to believe that such peculiar vessels could have been made in Anatolia.

Four years earlier I had found some unusual painted sherds in that same neighbourhood—in the Upper Maeander valley and in the district of Burdur—but the material I then collected was extremely fragmentary, fewer than a dozen small sherds, and merely proved the existence of an obscure Chalcolithic culture with painted pottery in that part of Anatolia. In December 1956 I had come to Burdur in the hope of collecting some more concrete evidence of this culture, but I was not prepared for what I was to find at Hacilar. Just outside the village orchards lay a small mound measuring not more than 150 yards in diameter, which was literally covered with the painted pottery I was looking for. There was not a single potsherd of later date, which showed me that the site had not been reoccupied after the Chalcolithic period.

By Chalcolithic, by the way, is meant the period in which metal was gradually appearing side by side with stone tools—in the Near East, roughly the fifth to the fourth millennium B.C. Finding a Chalcolithic site in Turkey without any later occupation is a kind of archaeologist's dream, especially when there are abundant traces that the site had been destroyed in a conflagration, as there were here. A large area on the top of the mound was coloured red by fragments of burnt mud-brick and many fragments of pots were warped or discoloured as a result of the fire.

What made scientific excavations rather urgent was a series of ugly-looking holes, eloquent signs of systematic plundering of the site by a local antique dealer. When I called on him he presented me with two other complete pots, which had been found together with the pair of which I had the photograph. Those he had sold in Istanbul and I have not yet been able to trace them. Illicit digging is strictly forbidden in Turkey, but though much material inevitably gets lost in this way there is one advantage, if the archaeologist gets there before too much damage is done: he does not have to find the site first. It is finding the site which is half the work in archaeology. Some of the most

spectacular discoveries in Turkey in recent years have begun with peasants digging in their fields.

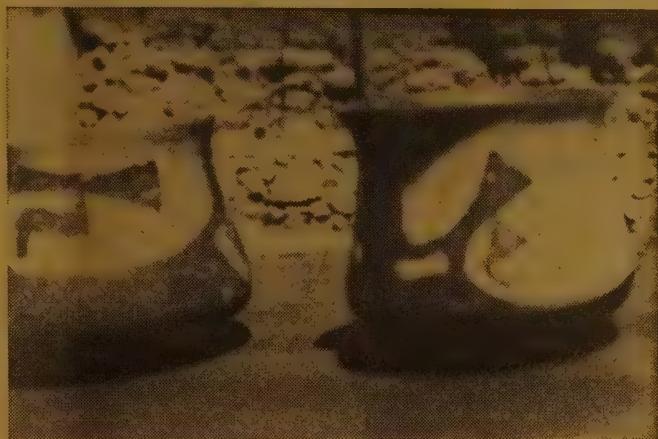
What struck me at once at the Hacilar site was that the four complete pots were completely different in both shape and decoration from the fragments of vessels which littered the surface of the mound in undisturbed areas. Clearly, then, there were two different groups of painted pottery and the one dug up by the peasants and photographed looked like being the earlier in date. They had curious oval bodies and oval mouths pinched on one side so as to form a spout and a small lug handle on the opposite side—a combination of features for which there are no parallels known in any other culture in the Near East. Though the shapes were strange, the designs painted in a fine red paint on a white slip were even stranger. Imagine an oblong with rounded corners, diagonally bisected by a bar with a widening end; from this bar is suspended a birdlike object—and you get a vague idea of this remarkable design. That design turned out to be characteristic of the pottery of the second building level at Hacilar, the one just under the top surface.

The pottery from the top level, on the other hand, looked most familiar, with its multiple chevrons, its loops and garlands and its groups of parallel lines bordered by a series of solid triangles. But its nearest parallels

are found not in Southern Anatolia but surprisingly enough in northern Greece; pots with similar linear design are common in the Sesklo culture of Thessaly, and its variants in Macedonia, Boeotia, and the Peloponnese.

Until a few years ago this was the earliest culture known on Greek soil and it has often been suggested that its origins lay outside Greece. Several comparisons have been made with painted wares of the Chalcolithic cultures of north Syria, Cilicia, and even Cyprus, but none of these parallels was convincing enough to point to any of these areas as its probable original home. Now the Sesklo culture, which has been rather tentatively dated to 3500-3000 B.C., in turn seems to have influenced a whole series of painted pottery cultures in the Balkans as far east as Odessa. So the mere possibility that excavations at Hacilar, geographically so near to Greece, might disclose some new evidence bearing on this problem made the exploration of the site even more exciting.

I have so far mentioned only two of the building levels at Hacilar; the two top ones, which are the only ones which have been investigated on any scale. In fact we found there were no fewer



The photograph shown to Mr. Mellaart in December 1956, which led to the discoveries at Hacilar: two oval pots decorated, in red on white, in the 'fantastic' (curvilinear) style



Three oval pots decorated in the 'fantastic' (curvilinear) style, in red on a white slip: discovered at Hacilar, Level II



Two bowls decorated in the solid geometric style, in red on a white slip: also found at Level II. The scale is in centimetres

than nine levels; the lowest four belonged to the Neolithic period.

The site of Hacilar lies halfway between the plentiful spring, which comes from under the great rock rising above Hacilar, and a river, the Koça Cay. It is not hard to see why this area was chosen for the prehistoric site: the spring, which creates a little oasis in this semi-arid region, has been the mainstay of life from the Neolithic period in the sixth millennium B.C. to the present day. Another factor is the pleasant climate. These settlements lie 3,000 feet above sea level, and the harsh climate of the Anatolian plateau is tempered by the south winds from the Mediterranean.

There is enough rain to produce a yearly crop of wheat and barley without irrigation. These main crops are supplemented by vetch, which is now used mainly as fodder, by lentils and other vegetables which need irrigation. Each village has its vineyards and orchards with cherry, peach, apple, and pear trees, and a great many walnut trees. The village cattle and the sheep and goats are pastured on the grassy banks of the river, one mile west of the present village.

This basic economy of the modern village of Hacilar does not seem to have changed much from that of the early Chalcolithic village. In the second building level, where the strange pots came from, we found great quantities of carbonised wheat and barley, lentils and vetch, some fruits, and what are probably grape pips and juniper berries. Polished axes, mounted in antler hoes, may have been used for tilling the soil. We found bones of domesticated cattle, of sheep, goats, pigs, and dogs.

The layout of the Chalcolithic village in this second building level was spacious, probably as a result of the absence of any defences. In the centre of the mound we found a group of three houses, which we labelled A, B, and C. Each had a front courtyard, a porch supported by two wooden posts facing south on to that courtyard, and a main room, twenty to twenty-five feet square. In the middle of the room was a square raised hearth flanked by a central post which supported the main roof beam. Around the room a series of internal buttresses, irregularly spaced and extending up to the roof, partitioned off small alcoves or niches. The walls of these houses were built of large mud-bricks, dried in the sun, and they were covered with mud plaster; they had no stone foundations.

As the plan of these houses revealed itself I was struck by the extremely close resemblance to houses of the Sesklo culture. There we find the same approximately square plan, the central hearth and the internal buttresses, which obviously make up for the absence of foundations.

The whole of the settlement must have been destroyed in a thorough and sudden conflagration, probably by an invading enemy, for not only is there that drastic change in pottery in Level I which I have mentioned before, but the new houses are different too—much thicker walls, stone foundations, completely different orientation.

In a different part of the settlement, but still in Level II, we had come upon another house full of pots and clay bins filled with carbonised wheat, barley, and lentils—in fact, the normal signs of simple peasant life. But the contents of the three houses I have just described presented a completely different picture. There were almost no traces of domestic occupation. Instead, we found in each house numerous querns, mortars, pestles and grinding stones, all coated with a red or yellow ochre; lumps of ochre lay scattered on the floors—the very paints with which our pottery was decorated. Other objects included stone-painters' palettes, several stone cups and bowls, and a number of stone polishers, still covered with red paint, which were used for burnishing the pottery.

Another significant fact was that one house had nothing but bowls, another nothing but cups, and the third only jars, all painted in the same style. All this strongly suggests that these three houses were potters' workshops, and if one may judge from their size the potters were influential members of the community.

The pottery on Level II falls into two classes, again paralleled in

Sesklo: a monochrome one in which the whole vessel is coated in red or brown paint, and a painted one in which the upper part of the vessel bears designs in red paint on a white slip. Sometimes the slip is omitted and the red paint is laid directly on a coffee-coloured or buff clay. The patterned pots are of two kinds: about half have a geometric design with solid patterns like steps, concentric lozenges, solid triangles with drops, squares and bars left in reserve; but the other half show that curvilinear style with a number of fantastic patterns, like the ones on the photograph—and these do not exist in any other culture we know. This peculiar style is very common in Level II, but in the three earlier levels which we reached it steadily decreases, and geometric ornament, mostly solid and linear, predominates in Levels IV and V: multiple chevrons, groups of solid triangles, cross hatching, and wavy vertical lines.

So you have at Hacilar the following picture. Starting from the bottom we first have in the older levels a predominantly geometric style with solid designs; in the middle levels this same solid geometric style but side by side with it the pots decorated in what I have called the fantastic style; and, lastly, in the top level, again a purely geometric style, but this time linear. Exactly the same sequence occurs at Sesklo, except of course for the absence of the fantastic style.

Another striking feature of the Chalcolithic Hacilar culture turned out to be the clay statuettes of very fat women, which presumably portray the mother goddess. They, again, are among the most characteristic things at Sesklo. They are from six inches to a foot high and are made in the same way as the pottery: red burnished when the figure is shown naked, or painted in red on white when she is represented dressed. They are usually shown with their hands supporting their breasts or placed akimbo. Heads are unfortunately rare; some of the earlier ones have a sort of elongated head with a bird-like look: the eyes and a plait of hair at the back are made of pellets of clay. The later ones in Level II have delicately modelled naturalistic features with incised almond eyes and carefully indicated hair-styles. I found one with a most elaborate coiffure with a bun on top of the head and the hair held by what look

like large combs at the back. These Chalcolithic statuettes are among the finest specimens of their kind in the Near East and, as far as we know, only the plastered skulls from the Jericho Neolithic are earlier in date.

I have so far only brought out the relation of Hacilar to a Western culture, but there are two other culture provinces to the East which are relevant. One is represented by a place in Cilicia, called Mersin, the other by the village of Hassuna in northern Iraq. Both are British digs of fairly recent date: and both are milestones in our knowledge of the history of Mesopotamian painted pottery.

Mersin and Hassuna are certainly contemporary; and we can date Hassuna on the basis of Mesopotamian chronology to the first half of the fifth millennium B.C.—in other words between approximately 5000 and 4500 B.C. I can only briefly summarise the parallels between Hacilar on the one hand and Mersin and Hassuna on the other, by saying that in all three cases the sequence of Neolithic burnished monochrome and unpainted wares is succeeded by early Chalcolithic painted pottery which has not only a number of shapes but also a number of significant patterns in common. Hassuna and Mersin then allow one to date the Chalcolithic period at Hacilar to about 5000–4500 B.C. The preceding Neolithic period must then be dated to the sixth millennium; its beginning at Mersin may even go back to the last centuries of the seventh.

Several attempts had been made during the previous Neolithic period to paint pottery, but only at Mersin can one trace a continuous development from primitive beginnings to the fully developed painted wares of the next period.

Two important means of distribution have, I think, not been sufficiently emphasised: the obsidian trade and the nomads. All



Half a figurine (height about eight inches) in red burnished clay; head missing, right hand clasping breast: found at Level III

Neolithic and early Chalcolithic cultures in the Near East and the Aegean used obsidian, a black volcanic glass, for making stone tools and weapons. Obsidian is by no means common, and its main deposits are on the island of Melos in the Aegean and in two volcanic areas in central and in eastern Turkey respectively. Though chemically identical, these three varieties are visually easily distinguishable. From the amount and kinds of obsidian used, it is evident that trade routes in the Near East were already well developed in the sixth millennium B.C. Seasonal migration of nomad tribes, such as continue to this day in Anatolia, could have spread new inventions within a year from Cilicia to the west coast or from central Anatolia to northern Mesopotamia. For this very reason I cannot believe in the enormous time lags in distribution suggested by many archaeologists.

My picture of the Near East at this point in time then is roughly this. In the Early Chalcolithic period a vast belt of cultures with painted pottery stretched from Cilicia westward to the Turkish shore of the Aegean and across it to Greece; and eastward through Mesopotamia to western Iran.

Some twenty years ago, in a cave in north Chios, material was found that can now be seen as closely related to that of the Neolithic and Chalcolithic Hacilar. That discovery, made by Miss Eccles of the British School of Archaeology at Athens, is of paramount importance in our attempt to find an intermediate station between Hacilar and Sesklo. Professor Schachermeyr of Vienna has for long maintained that the earliest cultures of Greece were the result of a cultural diffusion from the Near East, a theory which has been viewed with suspicion by many reputable scholars; but the new evidence has shown that it is essentially correct.

As you have seen, parallels include all the major and many of the minor aspects of both cultures. In pottery, for instance, the

similarities of technique are particularly striking: red on white slip, red on buff clay, and the habit of burnishing painted pottery: also the presence of monochrome and painted ware side by side. These, one might think, could be characteristic of all early painted pottery but this is not so. The contemporary painted pottery of Iran, for instance, is decorated in black paint on a red or buff ground and not burnished. Most spectacular is the resemblance of the clay figurines, especially as they are so different from the Mesopotamian ones. In the stone-bowl industry many shapes are identical; others are found in stone in one and in pottery in the other culture. Extramural burial seems to have been the rule in both countries.

In spite of this impressive series of parallels these cultures were not absolutely identical. Individual characteristics are found from their very first beginning, but this does not obscure the remarkable similarities, which can only be explained in one way. The bearers of the Sesklo culture, if not actually immigrants from Anatolia, took over a culture from their eastern neighbours, to which they added very little of their own. In this process of borrowing a number of greater refinements was lost, so that the Hacilar culture appears by far the richer of the two. That this process of cultural diffusion goes back to the Neolithic period is even more remarkable. A series of parallels between the Hacilar Neolithic and that of the pre-Sesklo cultures of Greece is already evident, but much more work remains to be done before we shall eventually be able to say when and from where the earliest civilisations on the Greek mainland came.

If my interpretation of the new evidence is correct, a considerable readjustment of the date of the Sesklo culture will have to be made: instead of the rather arbitrary date of 3500, its beginning will have to be pushed back to approximately 5000 B.C.

—Third Programme

Bread and the Stars

How clear the stars tonight,
All the bright heaven how still!
Under dense groves of white
This glistening sheet displays
A frost of spellbound streams.
All is at rest. I gaze
Out on the paths and beams
Of night's unresting mill.

So deadly white this frost,
It kills both bird and mouse
Hid where the swedes are tossed
Into an iron barn.
Owls upon vermin feast.
Their solemn hootings warn,
When every sound has ceased,
Man in his mortal house.

Nothing now comes between
The inane and this hard crust
Close to the roots of men
As shrouds are to their dead.
How precious now the loss
Of souls whose printless tread
Where many footprints cross
Takes the whole night on trust.

How full the clustered sky!
Beyond the uncounted crop
Of stars I still descry
Where the white millstream runs
Glittering in ghostly race
New multitudes of suns,
While here galactic space
Hangs, like a frozen drop.

Night with her teeming brood
Unites the faculties
To polarize the blood
Moving, yet fixed and still,

Drawn to her secret North.
The same unerring will
That called conception forth
Now bids the bloodstream freeze.

Yet men to Earth are bound,
To heats from which they grew.
They sift the stars who pound
The corn with leavening yeast
Till the whole bread is made;
And plenty crowns their feast,
Wine from a cellar's shade
Preserving all that's true.

None need look far for proof
That passion bears the sky.
The elect, beneath time's roof
Dropping from steadfast eyes
The plummet of their peace,
Hold to each man that dies
A measure of increase,
A cup to judge life by.

Bread of dear life, and cup
Or glass made dull by breath,
Those spinning worlds far up
Whose fiery swarms recede,
All cannot match the weight
Of your immediate need,
Brought on a man-fired plate
To break his fast to death.

Clear night, great distances,
Faith, like a pestle, drums
Your baffling silences.
Hard though the wintry crust,
What truth has man but loaves?
Bread will compel his trust,
And not the starry groves:
Wisdom is hid in crumbs.

VERNON WATKINS

Two Worlds at Once—I

The Great Estrangement

The first of four talks for Lent by GORDON RUPP

WE need in these days to examine not only our churchmanship but what in a Stephen Potterish way we perhaps might call our 'worldmanship' also. By that I do not mean only that modern Christians need to be world-minded; that they ought, as Winston Churchill once said, 'to get out the big maps and take a global view'; that we must take into account what is happening in Africa, India, China, Russia, America. Nor do I mean simply that we must remember that the cause of world missions is as urgent as ever, in a world of rapidly increasing population where there are today more millions of men and women who have never heard the Christian message than ever before. I mean that we must take our minds off ourselves and turn them on the world outside.

I take 'world' as it is used in the Fourth Gospel, in a double sense: as mankind on the one hand alienated from God and yet none the less the object of God's love. Church and world—these two are not to be thought of as standing over and against one another but rather as like two circles with the same centre: and in that centre stands Jesus Christ. Churchmanship and worldmanship belong together because He has joined them by His Incarnation and Death, Resurrection, and Ascension.

Gentile Embassy at the Christian Frontier

What this implies for the missionary vocation of the Church is suggested in the story in the Fourth Gospel of certain Greeks coming up to the Feast at Jerusalem. They approach Philip of Bethsaida of Galilee—a place itself a kind of no-man's-land between Jewry and the Gentile world—saying, 'Sir, we would see Jesus'. We are not told what happened to this Gentile embassy; we leave them halted at the Christian frontier. Instead, Jesus makes a solemn announcement of his approaching death. In this Gospel story the Gentiles do not 'see' Jesus in the days of his flesh. See him they did, in due time. But between this embassy and the formation of the Gentile Church lay God's mighty acts, the Death and Resurrection of His Son. The 'world' is to 'see Jesus' through the witness of the disciples; it is 'by the Church' that there is made known to the Gentiles the manifold wisdom of God.

I want to draw attention to the missionary problem which confronts the Church, not far away but near at hand, at our very frontier: the millions of men and women in Western Europe who have lost real contact with organised religion. Somebody has called this drift away from Christianity of millions of men and women 'the quiet apostasy'; for it has taken place gradually, and for many with no conscious repudiation of Christianity, with no deliberate denial of its truth.

The consequences of this self-excommunication have not been easily apparent, since the culture in which these people live is shot through and through with reminiscences of the Christian faith and they are in daily contact with decencies and verities and philanthropies which had their origin within the Church. You have only to press back one or two or three generations to find in their ancestry the pedigree of Christian homes and Christian parents. Their ranks are swollen year by year by the six out of seven children who are permanently lost from Christian Sunday schools, by young men and women who get married, move to a new district, become engrossed by the cares of a new house, a garden, a baby, and soon allow an active churchmanship to lapse. For them the Christian Gospel has no shocks or surprises: they have heard all the answers, and their imaginations have become numb with the half familiarity of what the old phrase calls 'gospel hardened' minds.

We must not over-simplify. The spiritual structure of any great community is more intricate than a bee-hive. There are many sub-divisions, many elements within this estrangement. There are some social groups which the Church has not lost because it has

never won them. There were masses of the London proletariat in the eighteenth century untouched even by the Methodists: their successors, the submerged tenth of Mayhew's London in the nineteenth century kept away from the Churches, with their pew rents and their class respectabilities, and Canon Wickham has recently analysed with much penetration the failure of the Church to win a proportion of the working classes from the time of the Industrial Revolution.

A Shadow Church

There are some elements more remote than others from the Church. There are the great numbers who deliberately and wittingly reject Christianity, who live and work in an intellectual atmosphere which takes it for granted that Christianity is no longer seriously to be reckoned with and that the day of the Churches is done. But there are others who are much more sympathetic. They do not attend church services themselves, but they are glad that their children should have a Christian education; they will make use of the Church for christenings, weddings, funerals, or on national occasions, and in their general outward behaviour they are not noticeably different from the fifth column of half-hearted Christians who exist also within the Church. There are no clear-cut divisions, for they make up a kind of shadow Church: and just as a shadow changes shape always in some relation to the substance to which it belongs, so the shape of the values of this estranged world bears some relation to the Christian pattern in a civilisation where even atheism and militant unbelief are part of an ancient and Christian argument.

I have spoken of 'estrangement' rather than a deliberate apostasy. It is a shock to find how long this situation has existed, for the phrase was used more than a hundred years ago. When Horace Mann wrote of the English middle classes: 'From whatever cause, in them, or in the manner of their treatment by religious bodies, it is sadly certain that this vast, intelligent and growingly important section of our countrymen is thoroughly estranged from our religious institutions'. It is a situation which seems to confront all the Churches of Western Europe. Those concerned with the gallant and tragic initiative of the Worker Priests in France have put our problem most poignantly. Cardinal Suhard said in Notre Dame in 1948:

To save the souls of Paris, that is the primary task. It is this multitude I shall have to answer for on Judgement Day . . . When I go through the suburbs with their gloomy factories or the brightly lit streets of central Paris I find the sight of the crowds, now elegant and now wretched, so heart-rending that it hurts me. I do not have to look far for a theme for my meditations. It is always the same—the wall dividing the Churches from the masses: a wall that must at all costs be battered down in order to bring back to Christ the multitudes who have lost him.

Even those Churches which in recent years have found a renewal of theology and religion under the impress of persecution and resistance to tyranny, in Holland, Scandinavia, and Germany, do not seem, despite such hopeful experiments as the Kirchentag movement, to have found ways to bridge the gulf between the Churches and the masses.

Spiritual Armaments Bill

It is part of the problem that on the other side of this Great Divide the Churches have become introverted, preoccupied with problems of their own existence, own survival. Even the ecumenical movement itself represents a terrifying spiritual armaments bill.

All the king's horses and all the king's men
Couldn't put Humpty Dumpty together again.

What a waste that was! King's horses and king's men should have been riding away on the king's business. And the leaders of

the Churches ought not to have to waste their energies in the delicate business of fumbling with broken ecclesiastical eggshells in long-drawn-out conversations about reunion; just as the local churches suffer from the wastage of resources resulting from our unhappy divisions. Now, as in the eighteenth century, our modern church machines are too inflexible to adapt themselves easily to new situations. Movements of population have left thousands of churches in the wrong places, with buildings out of date and out of repair. Inside them gallant bands of Christian men and women work away devotedly, raise vast sums of money, but make little or no impact on the community around them, who for the most part would never dream of intruding within their walls.

There is not much hope of the lost legion coming back to this kind of thing. Nor ought we to expect them to. When the Greeks said to Philip: 'Sir, we would see Jesus', he did not make it a condition that they should first see the distemper on the synagogue walls of Bethsaida of Galilee or even the contemporary furniture of Herod's Temple. Nor must we expect those outside to be at home with the smell of pitchpine and musty hymn-books, with a good deal of music written mostly about 1880, with a quantity of religious verse which seems to them to range from the trivial to the obscure, with religious meetings, and a good deal else which churchgoing people can take in their stride; which may be for them truly sacramental, but which even at its best, most colourful, and most impressive seems to these others to be unreal and rather unattractive.

There are those who think the solution is simple. It is enough,

they say, for the Church to preach the Gospel. There are others who feel this to be a dangerous over-simplification. They insist that there are deep historical and sociological factors which must be considered. We may sympathise with them as long as we remember that it is in the end a moral problem, a problem of commitment and discipleship.

It is now a hundred years since David Livingstone came back from Africa. He had gone off into that Dark Continent, a kind of human sputnik, since rather less was known of conditions in the interior of Africa than we know about outer space. And in a splendid, heroic, epic journey he walked from one side of Africa to the other. When he came to the coast there were ships which could have brought him home to his family, and friends, to fame and fortune. But he had his comrades to think of, men of another race and colour to whom he owed a debt, and he had promised to see them home. So, characteristically, he went back alone with them. David Livingstone was a genius, yet, as George Seaver's recent fine study makes plain, rooted utterly in that Victorian middle-class culture, down to its very clichés. But what he did, with courage not a whit behind the chiefest apostles, was devastatingly simple. He went to the Africans, he lived with them, and he learned their language; and he loved them faithfully unto death.

In Lent we remember that exactly this is God's way with 'the world'. 'The Word was made flesh'. He came to us, lived with us, learned the language of our true humanity. He loved us faithfully unto death. It is as simple as that, and as hard as the wood and nails of His Cross.—*Home Service*

Fowler's Toils

By RANDOLPH QUIRK

IT is something of a distinction for a man to have his name become a household word. 'What does it say in Fowler?' is not of course as common an appeal as 'What does it say in the dictionary?', but the two imply a similar trust as in an oracle, the one erecting a mystical, single Dictionary with infallible authority, the other singling out one Fowler from the two brothers and one work from among the considerable output that the elder, Henry Watson Fowler, has to his credit.

This is something of a pity for at least two reasons. In the first place, as Henry constantly and perhaps overgenerously insisted, much of the Fowler work was jointly conceived and executed by the two brothers, notably the fine but nowadays rather neglected *King's English* of 1906, and the first edition of the *Concise Oxford Dictionary*: even *Modern English Usage* was begun in consultation with Frank, though written without his actual participation and published some years after his death. In the second place, the close tying in the public mind of Fowler and this one book, *Modern English Usage*, is to be regretted because this is to ignore his other work and to invite a judgement of his achievement on the basis of this one alone. Not that one would very much want to bring into the reckoning his volumes of essays, *If Wishes Were Horses* and *Some Comparative Values*, though some of the pieces in these are pretty enough. But it is his lexicographical work as a

whole that needs to be considered. Of him, *The Times Literary Supplement* wrote over thirty years ago: 'A man could hardly face the toils of dictionary-making unless he had some special zest'. Fowler had that special zest in abundance, and indeed when he was over seventy he was so ready for further toils as to embark on the ten-year programme required to write the *Quarto Oxford Dictionary*.

It was in dictionary work that his considerable special gifts could be exercised to best advantage: his learning and wide reading, his incisive clarity, his love of logic, his legal flair for definition and categorisation, his devotion to the humdrum tasks of compiling and labelling—even his wit. (The definition of the word 'wing' in the *Concise Oxford Dictionary*, for instance, begins 'One of the limbs or organs by which the flight of a bird, bat, insect, angel, etc., is effected'. By the same token, dictionary work prevented him from giving rein to those qualities in him which were, relatively speaking, his vices: prolixity, prejudice, dogmatism, and complex logic chopping as he ensnared an offending locution. These were his other toils. And I need not apologise for the pun—he was greatly taken by a leader in *The Times* some time before his death entitled 'The Fowler's Net'.

Does this mean, then, that we remember Fowler for the wrong book? Not altogether: it must be noted that the full title of this book is *A Dictionary of Modern English Usage* and that many of its entries are just such



Henry Watson Fowler, who was born one hundred years ago this week

stuff as good dictionaries are made on—that is, lexical matters like the distinguishing of near synonyms or words frequently misunderstood or confused, and the spelling, stressing, and pronunciation of individual words. One might cite as an example his article on 'liberal' which constitutes a valuable essay on the meaning of the word as applied to education.

'Linguistic Emily Post'

It is in such articles—and they are many—that the abiding value of the book rests; yet even on these strictly lexical matters we all too frequently see the qualities which at once mar the book and give it the distinctive character and appeal that contributes to its having sold 500,000 copies and to its present annual sale of 20,000. The article on 'meticulous' begins 'What is the strange charm that makes this wicked word irresistible to the British journalist?', the first of a string of six rhetorical questions, a device for commentary not favoured in modern lexicographical practice. And although *Modern English Usage* gives no prefatory warning on this point, Fowler makes clear elsewhere, in a Society for Pure English tract of 1927, that his aim is not that of an observer telling people 'what they do' but that of a moraliser telling them 'what he thinks they ought to do'. He will be a sort of linguistic Emily Post. Having assumed such a role, he will not only give an objective account of the actual usage of 'large', 'small', 'big', 'little', 'great', 'much', so as to point out with admirable clarity the difference for us; but he will—when he disapproves of actual usage—condemn and outlaw words like 'meticulous' and 'banality', as literary critics' words, pretentious and unnecessary, and will demonstrate with equal clarity what alternatives should be used. To this end, 'coastal' is labelled regrettable, 'bureaucrat' barbarous, and 'speedometer' a monstrosity: much of which, as he himself regrettably acknowledges from time to time, is doomed to futility, even where the clarity of his argument is matched by soundness, and this is not always the case.

Fowler tends to wrestle with no holds barred: his attack on the literary critics for using 'meticulous' is based partly on the fact that the word is unnecessary since its functions are catered for by 'scrupulous' and 'punctilious' (a claim that will not stand examination even in the light of his own *Concise Oxford Dictionary*): and it is based partly on the fact that its English meaning does not match that of the corresponding Latin form (found only, as he says scornfully, 'in Plautus or somewhere'), yet this is an attitude to correct meaning which he rightly rejects elsewhere in *Modern English Usage* itself. But, rejected or not elsewhere, this appeal to Latin usage as a guide to English usage is something which affects more than his attack on 'meticulous': it underlies, one might say underlines, many of his pronouncements on grammar, which is undoubtedly the weakest feature of his work.

It was for this reason that I drew prime attention to his achievement as a lexicographer: he was no great grammarian, still less a linguist in the modern scientific sense, and many of the articles in *Modern English Usage*, as well as its title, invited judgement of him as a grammarian. Any of a score of his major articles on grammar shows clearly his deficiencies in this field: the one on cases, for instance, draws attention to the inadequacy of his analysis ('me and my mates likes ends' is supposed to show that the speaker had no use for the subject form 'I'), and it exemplifies his reliance—as in this example—on literary evidence for spoken English, and his belief that it was feasible to change pronoun usage by some kind of intellectual agreement arrived at between the speakers of English. Moreover, in matters of grammar he erects shibboleths labelled 'strictly correct', which are distinct not only from the actual usage of good writers but even from the actual form being recommended by Fowler himself. He feels strongly enough to describe 'it's me' as a blunder in one place, though elsewhere with rather more sense of proportion he lets it pass as 'a lapse of no importance'; he sticks out for 'pacifist' though admitting that 'pacifist' is thoroughly established; logic—always a favourite weapon in Fowler's grammar writing, and as powerful as it was inappropriate—induces him to condemn 'all men do not speak German' even while describing it as 'natural and idiomatic English'.

A rational approach to grammar, of course, can lead to other

difficulties, including the rationaliser's difficulty of practising what he preaches. Thus, while he deprecates on one page the *s* genitive in usages like 'the narrative's charm', he falls into the practice himself elsewhere with 'the termination's possibilities' and 'the sentence's structure'. He recommends us to say 'Could you tell me what the time is?' while in the same breath saying that nevertheless it would be 'strictly correct' to say 'Could you tell me what the time was?'—another example, incidentally, of the inadequacy of his analysis in reckoning 'could' as a past tense in this function. This observation is astonishingly retained intact in the later editions of the book, even in the one by Margaret Nicholson entitled *A Dictionary of American English Usage* and published only within the last few months. I would call this retention in subsequent editions 'astonishing' because it was an example which particularly shocked a reviewer of the first edition of 1926 into saying 'This is the sort of grammar writing which one would hardly expect'.

It is a point worth making, perhaps, that our disapproval of his approach is not just wisdom after the event—the nineteen-fifties looking back in anger at the nineteen-twenties: most serious reviewers made all these points in 1926 and 1927. It was not only the Dutch grammarian Kruisinga, in a peevish and sarcastic article, who said the home truths: a more objective review in the German periodical *Englische Studien* listed a dozen standard monographs, an acquaintance with which would have saved Fowler from many of the fallacies that nevertheless went uncorrected.

But if he took little notice of most critics, there is plenty of evidence in his correspondence and published work alike to show that the strictures of one of them, the Danish Otto Jespersen, really struck home, and in a reply published in 1927 from which I have already quoted, Fowler gives a clearer statement of his grammatical principles than anywhere else. He denies Jespersen's suggestion that Latin grammar ought to apply only to Latin, and insists on the standards and rules of Latin grammar being considered applicable to English whenever they can be possibly relevant. We need not pay too serious attention to his sarcastic scorn for Jespersen's alternative and original analyses: there is evidence that Fowler was less at ease in this discussion with his most formidable professional opponent than, say, in his self-confident logic-chopping with A. A. Milne in the correspondence columns of *The Times Literary Supplement*. But I do not think we can similarly dismiss this clear statement about the universality and primacy of Latin grammar. Despite all our affection for Fowler, we cannot but recognise these defects in his approach as utterly gross when we reflect that books in his own time by not only Jespersen but H. C. Wyld, Bloomfield, Sapir, and others could have developed in him a maturer and more sophisticated approach; and when we reflect that here he was in 1927, defending views that had been completely discredited by Henry Sweet fifty years earlier in such classic papers as *Words, Logic and Grammar* and rarely advanced thereafter by serious (as opposed to amateur) grammarians; when we reflect, too, that Sweet's splendid and still unequalled *New English Grammar* had been published a decade before ever the Fowler brothers conceived the plan of *Modern English Usage* in 1911.

Enlightened Attitude to Pronunciation

Yet one cannot even depend on the Fowler of *Modern English Usage* as being a thorough-going representative of the conservative authoritarians, the modern version of the eighteenth-century prescriptivist and universal grammarian whom he so much resembles. One might welcome such a representative, but he is not one. His attitude to pronunciation, for instance, is curiously enlightened and liberal—even laissez-faire: speak like your neighbours, even if this means ignoring spelling, as in cases like 'forehead—*forid*' and 'clothes—*klouz*'.

In grammar, too, he is frequently daring and ready to support what others condemn: he defends 'different to' against those who say that it ought to be 'different from', and indeed has two articles on what he calls fetishes and superstitions which are filled with similar *bêtes-noires* which he clothes in the whitest fleece—the split infinitive, for instance. No, you cannot depend on the Fowler of *Modern English Usage* giving you either an objective account of what modern English usage is or a representative summary of what the Latin-dominated traditionalists would have

it be. *Modern English Usage* is personal: it is Fowler. And in this no doubt lies some of its perennial appeal. Fowler, the critics' critic, with a keen eye for the illogical, the absurd, the ugly, the pretentious, with a keen wit and ready pen that is able to expose these things and indeed debunk almost any treasured habit of the pompous: it is this personal approach that gives the book those odd characteristics which both enhance it and detract from it as a reference work.

You recall that I praised him as a lexicographer and praised *Modern English Usage* in so far as it dealt with lexical matters. But, clearly, the dictionary presentation is unequal to the personal reflection that Fowler wants to make, and one result is the interspersing of reasonably headed articles with full-length essays, also integrated into the alphabetical scheme, but with titles which simply cannot lend themselves to ready reference. You have, after all, to know your 740 pages of Fowler pretty well before it becomes automatic to seek guidance on constructing a sentence like 'Either he did or did not' under the heading 'Unequal Yoke-Fellows', the appropriateness of which as a title is only apparent on reading the article itself. This is also true of such articles as 'Cannibalism' and 'Swapping Horses'. Alternatively, if you accidentally discover—as you inevitably do—information which is highly useful, you close the book infuriatingly aware that you may never be able to find it again. In many respects the earlier book, *The King's English*, is much more satisfactory for the purpose of reference, with that chapter by chapter lay-out and its index, but on the other hand it could not provide Fowler with the freedom to write a myriad of separate essays, long and short, on all kinds of topics which give *Modern English Usage* the distinctive charm almost of a 'commonplace' book.

When *Modern English Usage* first appeared, it was suggested that after fifty years, in 1976, someone ought to investigate the influence exerted by the book. That time is not yet and so fortunately that immense task need not be attempted. Yet the present

occasion does seem to call for some kind of appraisal, however imprecise and tentative, of the impact that he has had. Here, I think one can sharply distinguish his influence in detail from his influence in principle.

In detail—that is, in his recommendations about specific words and locutions—his influence would seem to be very slight indeed. True, I think that cats can effect an entrance nowadays unaccompanied by 'harmless necessary', but I doubt whether this is a result of our study of Fowler's section on 'Hackneyed Phrases'. 'Meticulous', 'coastal' and of course 'bureaucrats' thrive, despite Fowler, and so do 'without the people minding', 'it's me', and 'it looks as if we are winning' (which Fowler condemns as an illiteracy). People still object to the use of 'different to' and more people say 'forehead' than the laissez-faire *forid* that Fowler blessed: many of us prefer to risk ridicule for being genteel rather than speak of our bellies. Yet, in principle, his influence is probably considerable. We are probably more self-critical in the use of hackneyed phrases, hyphens, gallicisms, and even *Unequal Yoke-Fellows* and *Cannibalisms* (if only we could remember what they were) than the first readers of *The King's English* and *Modern English Usage*.

The Fowler brothers, and particularly the man we are remembering here, heightened the sense of style and personal responsibility for expression among writers in the English-speaking world, and they were the true begetters of a noble line of men who have further sharpened our awareness of these things—Sir Alan Herbert, Mr. Ivor Brown, Mr. Eric Partridge, and Sir Ernest Gowers, to mention only a few. Yet even where the influence has been positive, its worth may still be called in question: as the latest edition of 1957 shows, the aura of authority round the name of Fowler has led to the perpetuation of those notions, like 'strictly correct', which are as befogging and misleading now as they were recognised to be before ever the Fowlers put pen to paper.—*Third Programme*

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Should Britain Abandon Nuclear Arms?

Sir,—Professor Gallie rightly protests against 'that moral and political arterio-sclerosis which characterised Western political strategy throughout 1957', and his replies to Mr. Nigel Nicolson's apologia for present policies draw attention to a number of relevant factors.

The most central objection to nuclear arms, however, he misses no less completely than Mr. Nicolson himself: the claim that indiscriminate destruction—and, consequently, a threat of indiscriminate destruction—are simply wrong.

Indeed, Professor Gallie goes out of his way to brand this claim, and the demands that follow from it, as 'a gesture of irresponsible purism'. It would be helpful if Professor Gallie could explain what exactly he means by 'purism' in this context, and whether he would agree that some things are intrinsically wrong, i.e. absolutely intolerable in themselves.

If he agrees to this last question, I would invite him to consider whether indiscriminate mass-destruction may not be one of these, and the hypothetical intention to such destruction implicit in 'deterrence' another? If he disagrees, would he object to being described as a responsible impurist? The denial that certain means are absolutely intolerable in any circumstances is the most essential symptom of that moral arterio-sclerosis to which Professor Gallie has drawn attention.

Yours, etc.,

WALTER STEIN

Leeds, 16

The World and the Observer

Sir,—In THE LISTENER of February 27 Mr. Kenneth Stern informs Mr. Purcell about recent literature criticising my philo-

sophy. I think your other readers should be informed of what Mr. Purcell undoubtedly knows, that I have published various articles meeting many of these criticisms.

The articles in question are: 'Philosophical Analysis' in the *Hibbert Journal* of July 1956; 'Mr. Strawson on Referring' in *Mind* of July 1957; 'Logic and Ontology' in the *Journal of Philosophy* of April 25, 1957; and 'What Is Mind?' in the *Journal of Philosophy* of January 2, 1958. Some years earlier I published an article on 'The Cult of Common Usage' in the *British Journal for the Philosophy of Science*, Vol. III, No. 12, 1953. None of these articles has, so far, been answered by any of my critics.—Yours, etc.,

Penrhynedraeth

BERTRAND RUSSELL

What Is Wrong with American Education?

Sir,—I should like to comment on Mr. Christopher Serpell's broadcast report from Washington which was published in THE LISTENER of February 20. I am particularly interested in his arguments, as an American teacher currently employed by the Middlesex Education Committee.

A great deal of what Mr. Serpell has to say, of course, is quite true, and there are few people who would deny this. But to present the flaws of American education without making any effort to explain them is most unjust. American educators understand that a number of unsatisfactory trends in our system have gone unchecked for several years. The recent success of the Soviet Union in constructing an intercontinental ballistic missile brought this to the attention of the American public during that period when it was left confused by the Russian achievement and regarded it as a greater threat than is actually the case.



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TRAVEL BY TRAIN

During the years following the first world war, American education was greatly influenced and later revolutionised by a group of articulate and energetic progressive educators. Most of this has been attributed to John Dewey and the University of Chicago which was most active at that time in proselytising the new outlook. Unfortunately, there is often a wide discrepancy between theories which look appealing on paper and those which have practical application. Undoubtedly, many of the new ideas were unsound, and we are now beginning to feel the effects of over-enthusiasm. On the other hand, a great deal of good has grown out of this movement, and there are few American educators who would prefer that we never passed through it at all.

During the past few years the United States has indeed become a school-going population. Eighty per cent. of all those students who enter high school complete their course of study four years later, and more than twenty per cent. continue on the higher level. Yet, in 1950, the mean educational level in the United States was eighth-grade (age thirteen), which means that the school system has undertaken an enormous task over a relatively brief period of time, and is rendering services to the community to an extent unparalleled in the history of the American public school. Mr. Serpell scoffs at the democratic ideal in American education. But there is something so remarkable in a system which endeavours to educate all children to the level of their own abilities—whatever they may be—that many of us are quite content to allow the system its growing pains, in view of the sheer physical obstacles it has had to overcome.

The most serious charge in the talk is that academic education in America has been neglected in preference to 'life-adjustment courses'. In a country where more people are able to finish their schooling at a college or university, there is not the pressure or the need to provide a highly academic education on the secondary level. Those students who are likely to be challenged by a deeper understanding of literature or physics, for example, will be exposed to them sometime during their school career. Better than average schools achieve this on the secondary level.

There are many good arguments for providing an integrated, social education which I won't go into here, but it must be well balanced. This alone has been our failure during the past twenty-five or thirty years. Of course, anyone wishing to discredit the system altogether can point to the delinquency problem in New York and Philadelphia, or describe what they saw in 'The Blackboard Jungle' and 'Rebel Without a Cause'. But these hardly represent the total picture.

What is far more appalling to me than the lack of academic emphasis in American schools is the failure to develop better attitudes in the school-going population, and in that way shape the values and tastes of the general public. However, this is not an English problem, and genuinely interested persons here might do better to consider how successfully English schools are doing this. The great tendency among present-day English teenagers to emulate their American brothers—and their less articulate ones, at that—suggest that nothing original and dynamic is being presented in their own schools.

I have been most impressed by the interest shown here in American education; so few of us in America know anything at all about your schools. And those of us who do might dwell on the evils of the eleven-plus, for example, or the inadequacies of the secondary modern school and the uneasy transition between infant and primary school. We need not go very far before the limitations of teacher-training become painfully apparent, and the practice of entering a training college with the personal idea of social mobility in view. Whatever the advantages of the grammar school may be, I don't think they can possibly justify the hysteria surrounding them: not 'getting a place' has become a major domestic crisis in many families, and getting children through the eleven-plus has become one of the chief functions of the primary school. One begins to feel that the whole purpose of education is not knowledge and understanding at all, but 'getting a place'. The shortage of classroom space and teachers, of course, is a universal problem. These are just a few of the problems confronting British educators in 1958, no more and no less devastating than ours.

Mr. Serpell and I might agree that educational standards have

been lowered everywhere and urge that steps be taken to correct this. From the standpoint of the British listening public, it is unfortunate that he has had the bad luck to be educating his children in the District of Columbia, where the school system has undoubtedly been weakened by periodic fluctuations in the population.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.11

JAMES F. TYSON

The Servant on the Bicycle

Sir,—Mr. Cockshutt, in his interesting talk in THE LISTENER of March 6, does not make it clear why the existing liability of a master for his servant's torts should not be abolished. Such a course, he says, 'would leave the victim with nothing save a remedy against the servant who could not pay'; and later he says: 'Somebody should pay, and who else but the master?'

The assumption seems to be (and indeed is explicitly stated in the passage from *Winfield on Tort* quoted in the talk) that the master can usually pay, while the servant cannot. These days especially, not all masters are rich and not all servants are poor; many a charwoman's husband earns more than her employer, and the large majority of men, whether 'working' or 'professional', are technically, I take it, the servant of somebody. And even where a servant cannot pay, why should not his position be that of any private individual in poor circumstances who acts negligently?

If it is 'a matter not of logic but of policy', is there not, even from the point of view of policy, something to be said for changing the law? It would cut down the time and expense of a multitude of lawsuits, and by means of a simple rule remove many possible anomalies; it would encourage servants to act with the utmost care, as being personally responsible for their actions; and besides being in itself fairer to the employer, it would abolish the necessity of his insuring against such risks—an expense which, as is pointed out, is only passed on to the public in the form of higher prices.

There also seems to be a certain inconsistency, though possibly a verbal rather than a real one. We are told, to begin with, that the servant is not liable if he commits a tort 'in the course of employment', that is, if his action, or mode of action, is 'authorised by the master'. But later it transpires that 'the fact that the servant's act has been expressly forbidden by the master does not of itself take outside the course of employment an act otherwise within it'. In other words, an unauthorised act may nevertheless be regarded as authorised.

Yours, etc.,
H. D. WILKINSON

The Spoken Word

Sir,—I entirely agree with Mr. Griffiths that anthologies of music made by the unmusical are, in principle, as much to be deplored as are anthologies of poetry made by the unpoetical. But just because there is so much music broadcast, the effects of this desert-island-discification are perhaps less serious. After all, a man who wants to hear music can do so almost every evening: he will soon learn to stick to the straight concerts and avoid the trivial pastime-features altogether. But a man who wants to hear poetry is catered for in a much more meagre fashion. He will have to listen to 'Personal Choice', whoever is giving it, because it may, after all, easily represent anything from twenty-five to fifty per cent. of the whole week's poetry-broadcasting time.

I am not even sure if those responsible for the widespread practice of using gramophone records as an excuse to get some celebrity to the microphone and keep him there for the required half hour, or whatever it is, any longer bother to pretend that this practice has anything to do with music. Anyway, however one dislikes it, and all that it implies, I think it may be too late now to do anything about it. But with poetry, I think there is still time for those of us who care for it to raise our voices in favour of maintaining the highest possible standards. It is the tendency towards jazzing up a still relatively unspoilt art (unspoilt only because the spoilers are not yet interested, they prefer to drop most of their litter on more obviously lush landscapes) about which some vigilance still seems both desirable and practicable.

Yours, etc.,
K. W. GRANSDEN

London, N.W. 3

NEWS DIARY

March 5-11

Wednesday, March 5

President Eisenhower states that the Russian leaders are willing to attend a 'summit' conference in Washington

French Cabinet approves despatch of more troops to Algeria. Forty-one Tunisians are arrested for plotting to murder President Bourguiba

An American earth satellite is launched but fails to go into orbit

Thursday, March 6

The Labour Party and the T.U.C. publish a joint declaration on nuclear weapons and disarmament

Mr. Bulganin sends a further letter about 'summit' talks to President Eisenhower

President Bourguiba threatens to break off diplomatic relations with Egypt

Friday, March 7

It is disclosed in Washington that Mr. Bulganin has stated that the Soviet Union is prepared to discuss banning the use of cosmic space for military purposes

Prime Minister receives a delegation from the Lancashire cotton industry

The Brighton Watch Committee decides to dismiss its suspended Chief Constable

Saturday, March 8

An agreement is signed in Damascus whereby the Yemen is to federate with the United Arab Republic

Heavy snow interferes with traffic in many parts of Britain

Sunday, March 9

The Foreign Secretary arrives in Manila for Seato conference

Governor of Cyprus again appeals to people of the island to prevent disorder

Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, cancels her visit to Kenya because the aircraft bringing her back from Australia is delayed by engine trouble

Monday, March 10

Indonesian troops are reported to have begun the invasion of territory occupied by rebels in Sumatra. An American oil-field in Sumatra is closed

Commons debate air estimates

Tuesday, March 11

Prime Minister tells the House of Commons that considerable progress has been made in preparing for 'summit' talks

Discussions take place in Washington about plans by Administration for checking economic recession. Five million persons are officially stated to be unemployed

At the opening of the Seato Conference in Manila proposals for liaison with Nato are considered



In Westminster Abbey on March 6, in the presence of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, the Very Reverend A. C. Don, Dean of Westminster, is seen dedicating a memorial to the Civil Services of the Crown in India

Right: schoolchildren forming a farewell message for the Queen Mother as she left Perth airport on March 7 on the first stage of her journey home



A bronze statue of Dr. Nkrumah, Prime Minister of Ghana, being unveiled by Sir Arku Korsah, the Chief Justice, opposite Parliament House, Accra, on March 5, the first anniversary of Ghana's independence





Colonel Nasser, President of the United Arab Republic, arriving at a banquet given in his honour in Damascus last week by the former President of Syria, Mr. Kuwatli (left). On the right is Crown Prince Al Badr of Yemen who last Saturday signed an agreement with President Nasser federating his country with the new Republic



A party of doctors and nurses from the Munich Hospital (where the injured members of the Manchester United team were treated) attended the football match at Old Trafford last Saturday between Manchester United and West Bromwich Albion. In this photograph the party (including Professor Georg Maurer, the senior surgeon, on the right of the centre group) are seen being applauded by the crowd as they came on to the pitch



A photograph taken last week showing the progress being made on the atomium, centre-piece of the World Fair which opens in Brussels in April. The structure represents an iron crystal, the nine 'atoms' forming exhibition halls

Left: twelve kids at the London Zoo, all born within the space of ten days. This is believed to be the largest number born there in such a short space of time



Fields surrounding Par, Cornwall, blanketed by snow last weekend when wintry weather returned to the whole country. At Newlyn the sea was frozen

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Art in Crisis. By Hans Sedlmayr. Hollis and Carter. 35s.

Reviewed by QUENTIN BELL

THE DEVIL', said Mr. Toobad, 'is come among you, having great wrath'. During the past sixty years the pessimist of *Nightmare Abbey* has found many imitators: Spengler, Wyndham Lewis, Max Nordau and, in a sense, M. Malraux, have all made their contributions to what—if I may venture to coin a German phrase—one might call *Zusammenbruch-Philosophie*. Professor Sedlmayr's offering is not therefore very original; but *Art in Crisis* is perhaps the most eloquent, scholarly, and impressive work of its kind.

The manner in which the author induces a condition of despondency and alarm is admirable. He points, with the aid of some well-chosen illustrations, to harmless-seeming, apparently trivial symptoms, just the kind of awkward irrelevancies that the depth psychologists have taught us to regard with fearful anxiety, and, as the list of these lengthens, we grow ready to share his apprehensions. We come to believe in the apocalyptic significance of landscape gardening, we are persuaded to admit that behind the taste for artificial ruins lurks the death wish, we accept the author's

view that, during the past two hundred years, art has become impersonal and inhuman—uncanny beneath the cold moonshine of romanticism, monstrous under the corselet of the machine age. The twentieth century brings with it the fearful phenomena of 'modern art'. Now the mortal illness that affects Western civilisation has become too evident to be ignored and the symptoms can be classified. We have followed the false and sterile idea of 'pure art', separating those branches that should be united in a common service; we have run madly to extremes; we have turned from that which is alive to that which is machine-made, we have lost touch with the soil in which we should be rooted; we have turned from the nobler to the baser side of our nature; we have dethroned and degraded mankind, for our art is a dehumanised art; finally, we have gone whoring after chaos itself.

At this point Professor Sedlmayr discards the robes of art history and assumes the armour of theology. Our fault lies, he declares, in our divorce from God; we were infected by deism, which reduces the Almighty to a mere abstraction, and deism has been followed by materialism. Having forgotten Man in God we have, inevitably, forgotten God in Man. Our art, in consequence, has become mechanical, remote, bestial, and chaotic. In a powerful chapter he confronts us with the hideous consequences of our folly, he unmasks the gruesome spectre that now haunts the West, and brings us at last face to face with the gorgon mask of Apollyon himself. At this point Professor Sedlmayr indicates a small, spruce, moustachioed figure which proves, upon close inspection, to be that worthy and enterprising salesman Mr. Salvador Dali.

'Can this', we ask with mingled relief and surprise, 'be the worst that the fiend can produce?' Why on earth did not the Professor pick upon the obvious candidate for the job? The answer would seem to be that Picasso, with his insatiable interest in humanism and his constant preoccupation with the reunion of the plastic arts, fits rather badly into the writer's general scheme of things. So, when one comes to think of it, does a good deal of rather important evidence. Courbet, Degas, Renoir, and Gauguin

have no place in Professor Sedlmayr's story of decline and fall. They are not mentioned. Neither does he refer to the important and successful efforts that have been made to reunite the different arts in ballet and in cinema.

The author anticipates this objection. This is not, he tells us, 'a history of art... but an attempt to diagnose the age', and he 'does not concern himself with the positive achievements of the epoch'. This is perhaps a tenable method of examining the evidence—so long as we begin by accepting his premises. If we admit that civilisation is mortally sick, then it is the symptoms of disease that concern us. The Professor has

no business with the condition of art as a whole, and all generalisations are out of place. Unfortunately he is not consistent on this point. Again and again he makes statements concerning the whole tendency of art during successive periods, generalisations which can only be based upon a thorough consideration of all the available data. In fact he has it both ways: where the evidence is favourable he uses it to support his thesis, where it is not favourable he uses the thesis to dismiss the evidence. Acting upon these convenient principles it is not very difficult to build up a case which, at first sight, may appear reasonably convincing. It would not be too difficult, if one were to use similar polemical devices, to construct a theory of an almost exactly opposite tendency; it might not be very plausible but it would, at least, have a refreshing air of originality.

The March number of *Encounter*, a magazine that has always maintained high standards, deserves particular notice. Between the sensitive short story by a new young American writer, Reynolds Price, at the beginning and the excellent book reviews at the end there is scarcely an article that does not catch and hold the attention. Colin MacInnes discussing the Australian Myth in England, Gerd Ruge and Edouard Roditi describing interviews with Pasternak and Chagall respectively, and Malcolm Muggeridge, bright and sharp as a new pin, recollecting his life in Moscow as a newspaper correspondent in the early nineteen-thirties, are all absorbing, as also is J. P. Mayer's article on Tocqueville's travel diaries. Interesting poems by Stephen Spender, I. A. Richards, Ted Hughes, and others round off a piece of editing of notable distinction.



'The Temptation of St. Anthony', by Salvador Dalí

From 'Art in Crisis'

The Silurist

The Works of Henry Vaughan. Edited by L. C. Martin.
Oxford. 65s.

FORTY-FOUR YEARS HAVE PASSED since the first edition of this fine volume was published, only two years after Sir Herbert Grierson's famous edition of Donne. In that time, and largely on the basis of these standard texts and others that followed at short intervals, the reputation of the English metaphysical poets of the seventeenth century has continued to grow. This is true especially of four poets linked by a common tradition of piety and intimacy—Herbert, Vaughan, Crashaw, and Traherne. All would have acknowledged their debt to Donne, but it was Herbert who established their characteristic idiom—a long-drawn-out chain of syntax, metaphors generally surprisingly homely but sometimes suddenly splendid, and a simple conversational diction. The idiom is so identical in these four poets that it is often difficult to give a name to a particular quotation; but like Chinese faces they acquire differences the better we know them. George Herbert stands at the head of them, the first, as Vaughan said in his Preface to *Silex Scintillans*, 'that with any effectual success attempted a diversion of this foul and overflowing stream'—in which strong language (and there is much more of it) he referred to 'those ingenious persons, which in the late notion are termed *Wits*'—such as 'cast away all their fair portion of time, in no better imployments, than a deliberate search, or excogitation of *idle words*, and a most vain insatiable desire to be reputed Poets'.

Vaughan himself had been a wit of this kind, as he freely confesses in this same preface. Born in 1621 or early 1622, of Welsh extraction, he was intended for a legal career, a design 'which the sudden irruption of our late civil warres wholie frustrated'. He perhaps saw some military service on the King's side, but eventually drifted back to Breconshire, where he practised medicine—or 'physic' as he calls it—'for many years with a good successe (I thank God!) and a repute big enough for a person of greater parts than myselfe'. He published his first book, *Poems, with the tenth Satyre of Juvenal Englished*, in 1646, and by the end of 1647 had another volume ready, which was not published until 1651 under the title *Olor Iscanus* (*The Swan of Usk*). These are the works that he subsequently renounced in the Preface to *Silex Scintillans*, as a sickness and folly, begging that none should read them. Only the curious scholar is likely to disregard his request.

Silex Scintillans, or *Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations*, is a different matter. In the three or four years that followed the writing of *Olor Iscanus*, he had come under the influence of George Herbert, 'the blessed man . . . whose holy life and verse gained many pious Converts, of whom I am the least'. We know little or nothing of the effects of this conversion on Vaughan's life, but the effect on his verse was revolutionary. The tiresome sophistication of the early verse disappears and a stream of utterance of the most pellucid kind takes its place. The imitation of Herbert is deliberate and close, in verse-form and in diction; the piety, for modern taste, is somewhat cloying. There is nothing quite so pellucid as Herbert's

Sweet day so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die . . .

but occasionally in its place comes a sense of glory which was beyond the range of Herbert's pious fancy:

I saw Eternity the other night
Like a great Ring of pure and endless light,
All calm, as it was bright . . .

One of Professor Martin's learned notes tells us that Vaughan was influenced in this poem, as in several others, by Hermetic writings, and Vaughan did, indeed, translate some of the treatises in which Hermetic doctrine, in its medical aspects, was expounded. He translated much else, here reprinted, and indeed the greater part of this 800-page volume is taken up with prose, some of it merely curious, or sententious, but all illuminating the mind of a great poet. 'But nothing that he inherited or borrowed', as

Professor Martin says so justly in his introduction, 'was as important as his own gift of fresh creativeness, the vein of authentic poetry which could assert itself even when he was translating Latin prose and which at its best shone out in some of the most arresting lyrical verse in the English language'.

HERBERT READ

An Everyman Party

Everyman's Dictionary of Literary Biography: English and American. Compiled by D. C. Browning. Dent. 20s.

DESIGNED TO SUPERSEDE the fifty-year-old *Everyman Biographical Dictionary of English Literature*, this volume packs into some 750 pages about 2,300 miniature biographies. More than half are new. More than a quarter are concerned with writers not in the old volume. More Americans, old and new, are included. For Everyman, Mr. Browning has admitted 'popular or lowbrow authors on the same terms as sophisticated or highbrow'—Nat Gould, for instance, and Gertrude Stein. Well-known writers of detective stories and thrillers, as well as writers of children's books, have been selected. The industry, discrimination, and care about detail necessary for such a compilation are not to be regarded lightly, nor is the proof-reading. But misprints (though no fewer than two have attached themselves to Dr. Arthur Waley) are impressively scarce.

Ranging from Caedmon, who may have died in 680, to Dr. Alexander Comfort, who was born in 1920, the compiler, besides describing the planets of English literature and a whole Milky Way of outstanding names from times past, has had to pick and choose. Even a querulous reviewer might appreciate the abundance and concision of these, mostly, thumb-nail sketches. Not everybody could be asked to this Everyman party, and not everybody would have made the same list of guests. In fact, we have here a Browning version of English literature. Fellow-feeling has led the compiler to embrace fellow-compilers and lexicographers, and why not? Scholars and scientists were to stay out unless they were household words or had written many popular books: Sir Arthur Bryant is in, so is Sir John Neale, but not Professor Trevor-Roper or a whole row of distinguished living historians. Notes on the physical aspects of authors—Andrew Marvell, James Stephens, Dame Edith Sitwell—are exceptional. Room has been found for such ancient small fry as Anna Eliza Bray, Robert Gilfillan, and Ernest Lawrence Thayer; and Mr. Browning is indulgent towards dim Scotch theological authors. Confronted with Mrs. Beeton, Queen Victoria, or the forger T. J. Wise, Everyman may exclaim, 'Fancy meeting you here!'

Exploring these pages, Everyman will not look for critical profundities or subtleties. Terms like 'realistic' or 'pessimistic', or 'grim but powerful' (for *Wuthering Heights*) may satisfy him, but if he takes it on trust that Augustus Hare's autobiography is 'tedious' he will be unfortunate, not to say misled. Although it may not be untrue that Norman Douglas, 'like Conrad, who was also bilingual, was much admired as a stylist', this is oddly put. Could not Everyman have also been introduced to Vladimir Nabokov, who is quite unlike Conrad, but whose command of English is not less extraordinary?

Other questions begin to form themselves. Who called Crabbe 'Pope in fustian'? Did Havelock Ellis really write 'passionate' letters to Olive Schreiner until her death? Was Charles Morgan born in Kent? With what 'authorities' did *Voorslag* get into trouble? Can it justifiably be said that Dame Rose Macaulay 'belonged to the Bloomsbury group of authors'? Is *Ali the Lion* a novel? It has been pointed out elsewhere that the names Compton-Burnett and Connolly are missing. Looking back, where are Hickey, Woodforde, and Kilvert? If Lord Berners, why not Firbank? Is Dr. Comfort the *dernier cri*? If not, where are Kingsley Amis and Angus Wilson? Could not Patrick White have been allowed for Australia, Frank Sargeson for New Zealand, James Stern and Doris Lessing for Rhodesia, Alan Paton for South Africa? Where are Denton Welch, V. S. Pritchett, and the poets William Empson, David Gascoyne, Laurie Lee, and

Roy Fuller? Mr. Browning might answer that he cannot be all things either to Everyman or to every man; that he has done things in his own way as he thought best, and must be allowed his peculiarities, and excused if he sometimes nods; and that the hope expressed by the publishers that this will be 'a really useful companion volume for the general reader' is far from extravagant.

WILLIAM PLOMER

Into War

Survey of International Affairs 1939-1946. The Eve of War, 1939. Edited by Arnold Toynbee and Veronica M. Toynbee. Oxford. £4. 10s.

ALMOST NOTHING NEW remains to be said about the events of the six spring and summer months before Hitler launched his war in September 1939. It may well be that for no previous period of history is the documentation so full and so detailed: moreover, the papers have been made available to the public while many of their authors are still alive and able to elaborate or explain. Only France and the Soviet Union have yet to reveal their secrets; and although the absence of primary materials from these two countries is reflected in this volume of the *Survey*, it is unlikely that access to them would have substantially modified the narrative or the conclusions.

Through this great mass of material the authors of the various chapters have valiantly ploughed, and they have produced an account definitive in detail, unchallengeable in its major interpretation, and of an astonishing accuracy (the only slip I have observed is in a footnote on page 96 stating that Eden was Secretary of State for Dominion Affairs in April 1939). A single doubt concerns the editorial function—whether the relations of Britain, France, Germany, and Italy could not more satisfactorily have been dealt with as a unit and divided on a chronological basis, rather than having separate parts on the Western Powers, on Italy, and on Germany: some repetition would thereby have been avoided (at the cost of greater complexity) and, more importantly, the author of each part would not have been tempted to write primarily on the basis of the records of one country. There could not then have appeared two accounts of the same event conveying different impressions as, for example, Mrs. Toynbee's record from Loraine, and Miss Duff's description from Ciano, of the Loraine-Mussolini interview of July 7.

Each chapter is massive in its detail and provides an invaluable source for future reference: Professor Toynbee himself tries to unify the whole in an introductory section. These are, strangely enough, the least commanding pages in the whole volume. An impression of Olympian wisdom is conveyed by the trick of using knowledge of later events to give dramatic impact to comment on the past; the passage as a whole has a savour of historical determinism; and in his anxiety to explain the motivation of others, Professor Toynbee on occasion suggests an imperfect understanding of our own. It is true, as a geographical fact, that 'During those years [1871-1918] Germany's immediate eastern neighbours had still been the two Great Powers, Russia and Austria-Hungary; and these two between them had blocked the path for Germany's expansion eastwards, extending, as they did, right across the breadth of Europe, from the Baltic Sea to the Adriatic': but why is it assumed that Germany could not but so expand—except that Hitler so loudly and frequently proclaimed it? Bismarck, on the contrary, turned Germany to alliance with Austria-Hungary and endeavoured also to keep on friendly terms with Russia: he did not find in these two powers a barrier to Germany's eastward expansion.

It is not true either that the 'ex-vanquished [sic] small countries in Eastern Europe' sought revision of the peace treaties because of 'the cumulative effect of . . . adverse settlements of contentious territorial issues': the rulers of Hungary at least were inspired more by memories of past greatness and by disdain for their neighbours than by resentment at territorial settlements judged by them unjust. And, thirdly, to aver that Poland, Rumania, and Greece were seen by the Western Powers as 'pawns,

not queens', picked out 'to serve, not as allies, but as linesmen who would register any further German trespass beyond the bounds of law and decency; and, for playing a linesman's part, a pawn is as serviceable as a queen', is to obscure in a pretty metaphor what may possibly have been the most crucial decision taken by the Western Powers in that fateful month of March 1939—the decision to give priority to Poland as an ally over the U.S.S.R. This decision was taken at an Anglo-French meeting at the House of Commons on March 22 and conveyed to the British Ambassadors in Warsaw and Bucharest on the 27th. Recognising that the inclusion of both the U.S.S.R. and Poland in a single arrangement was impossible, the British Government offered to assist Poland and Rumania if either was attacked, provided that Poland would come to the help both of Rumania, if she were threatened, and of Britain or France if either of them was attacked by Germany or went to war with Germany to resist German aggression. As to the Soviet Government, the British proposal was 'to consider in due course how best to retain their close interest which is, after all, to their own general advantage'. It is impossible without access to Soviet records to determine what were the prospects of a Soviet alliance at that time: one can be certain only that the prospects were worsened by the fact of Britain's commitment to the Poles, and that the commitment itself made the alliance for the Soviets less necessary. Poland was viewed not as a queen indeed, but certainly not as a pawn; and in deference to the Poles the Soviets were discouraged from entering the game at all.

P. A. REYNOLDS

The Human Humanist

The Complete Works of Montaigne: Translated by Donald M. Frame. Hamish Hamilton. £3. 13s. 6d.

THIS ONE-VOLUME MONTAIGNE (the Travels and Letters as well as the Essays) is neither for the armchair nor the bed—it weighs nearly four pounds. Nor is it a Library Edition, as they used to call 'handsome' reprints when the English had private libraries and 'browsed' in them. To make Montaigne the progenitor of the Lambs, the Hazlitts, and the library gossips is to mistake his significance, and for too long he has been the victim of those who dodge through the Essays to find the amusing traits with which he composed his self-portrait. This edition—it must be opened on a table—persuades us to read Montaigne as people read him in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, not for his 'personality' but for what he had to say. The printing is clear, the layout excellent.

Montaigne wrote because he had something to say to the men of his time trapped in the wars of religion, but he discovered in the process of writing that he must first talk to himself. Man's enemy, as always, was fanaticism on this side or on that. The detachment of the stoic, canvassed in the first essays, left the enemy untouched; a man must not allow his arteries to harden if he is to be fully human, and it was only the fully human which could undermine the sway of the fanatic. This was Montaigne's justification for the self-portrayal which became his preoccupation: to arrive at the fully human by exposing all the contradictions in the self and refusing to suppress them. He had nothing of Rousseau's pathological compulsion to confess himself. What he was after was that lucidity which is preparatory to the act of choice, the course of action, since without this lucidity men are chosen and ridden by their actions and do not dominate them. Montaigne's scepticism did not inhibit choice: the Letters and such facts as are known of his public life show him as a man who did not refuse to be *engagé*. The time has come to rescue him from what has been made of his self-portrait—the serene, detached humanist observing existence from his book-lined tower, self-absorbed.

The efficiency of that rescue will depend, for most of us, on the efficiency of the translation: on its accuracy and its ability to catch the quick, supple vigour of the original. Montaigne needs to be read with rapid attention. If the reader is held up because

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the translator has been clumsy with a particular sentence, if his eye or his ear is arrested by some quirk or oddity, he loses track of what is being said—and sometimes what is being said is not what the essay appears to say. Montaigne is both formal and familiar, and the translator must discover an equivalent in which both qualities are preserved; he must be a scholar who frequents the market-place and the streets.

Mr. Donald Frame has laboured fifteen years at his translation and it should not be overlooked that he was a Montaigne scholar of repute before he started on it. Perhaps only an American scholar (this translation was prepared and printed in the United States) is now close enough to vigorous English speech for this exacting task. Florio has superb animation, but it is the animation of the Tudor world requiring a further translation into our own time. Cotton lacks all animation. Trechmann, the only modern translator comparable to Mr. Frame, is not always very readable and it is Mr. Frame's astonishing readability which is apparent on every page; to begin one of the essays in his version is to be carried forward impetuously to the end. He gives clarity to the long sinuous sentences and he handles the staccato phrases—Montaigne's ironic shrugs and sly digs—without jerking them into over-emphasis or softening their idiosyncrasy. His accuracy, wherever tested, seems irreproachable.

This is a fine translation, and it comes at the right moment. At all times, but at some periods more than others, men become the dupes of those who force them into the strait-jacket of a definition. Montaigne is the first in the succession of those who refuse to be duped, and especially those who attempt the hardest task of all—to reach that lucidity where they no longer deceive themselves.

H. G. WHITEMAN

Not Being Dr. Gruber

At Home. By William Plomer. Cape. 16s.

THERE IS A HINT of irony in the title of Mr. Plomer's new book, as there is in so much of his work. This is the second volume of his autobiography, the story of his life in England, a country that he had always thought of, in earlier years spent overseas, as Home, but in which he has never ceased to feel, one senses, something of a stranger. Readers who remember *Double Lives*—and none who has read that book could fail to remember it—will know that Mr. Plomer grew up, a boy of English origins, in South Africa, and that after an English education he went to live for several years as a young university teacher in Japan. *At Home* begins in the spring of 1929, when Mr. Plomer, aged twenty-six, left Tokyo to settle in London and to become a writer. The tone of this second volume is a shade more autumnal and melancholy than the first, and it is sometimes, like its author, *désorienté*; but it is a book of exceptional distinction, written in a style which is at once delicate and vigorous, and with a wonderfully true and sympathetic feeling for people and things and places.

The London Mr. Plomer describes is nevertheless reminiscent of nothing so much as the London one reads about in foreign novels, with tall Victorian buildings looming in the fog, and murderers and sexual maniacs at play behind the velvet curtains. Mr. Plomer heard all about the sexual maniacs from a hairy Harley Street practitioner named Dr. Pood, who could not keep his patients' secrets; murder took place in the very Bayswater boarding house where Mr. Plomer lodged: his landlady was butchered by her jealous husband one November night in the presence of their child. Mr. Plomer adds: 'I have good authority for saying that he would have butchered me in my sleep if I had not happened to be away for the weekend'. Disagreeable as the episode had been, Mr. Plomer decided, with characteristically oriental calm, to stay where he was. Friends urged him to remove to less gruesome quarters, but, as he explains: 'I saw no reason to hurry away. The harm had been done, and I was no longer in danger. Besides, I had sent out invitations to a small evening party, and was disinclined to put off my guests'.

Mr. Plomer must have been an excellent host. He was obviously a welcome guest. He soon came to know Lady Ottoline Morrell,

the Sitwells, the Lehmanns, the Woolfs and other literary lions of London; with the publication of his novels *Sado* and *The Case is Altered*, the latter being based on the sanguine episode in Bayswater, he became a literary lion himself, whereupon he promptly quit the metropolis to live unobtrusively beside the sea, for a time at Dover and afterwards at Brighton.

Though he soon acquired a reputation as a poet besides that of a novelist, Mr. Plomer did not feel he could, nor did he wish to, make his living by writing books at regular intervals. 'Literature has its battery hens', he says; 'I was a wilder fowl'. Yet a living had somehow to be made, and in the end he decided to make his as a publisher's reader or editor. Happily associated with those luminaries of the publishing world, Edward Garnett and Mr. Daniel George, Mr. Plomer might justly regard his work in this metier as fruitful. He has helped many authors and he has discovered and introduced to the public at least one book which has become an established English classic, *Kilver's Diary*. However, like so many of the people who do the publishing, he has come to form a somewhat unflattering opinion of those who only do the writing: 'The self-importance and touchiness of authors is no longer a surprise to me, nor is their capacity for envy and malice. . . . Incompetence and stupidity know no bounds'.

Let no one think from those words that Mr. Plomer is an angry or a disapproving man. He is, on the contrary, uncommonly serene. He describes himself as a 'lapsed Christian'; he pays homage to the Church of England in which he was nurtured; being also a man of Whiggish descent, he says he would like to see both reason and religion exercise more influence in the world. Yet the personality which emerges from these pages resembles less an eighteenth-century Latitudinarian Whig than a Stoic of the Hellenistic period: a man with tolerance, but little optimism, he prizes both individuality and character, but has evidently learned to live without illusions, liking people and things for what they are; clearly a giving as distinct from a yielding man, one who can accept, forgive and if need be endure. It is no surprise to be told that he has often been mistaken for a physician. Once indeed he was mistaken for a German physician. 'Are you', he was asked, 'Dr. Gruber?' Mr. Plomer decided fairly quickly that he was not Dr. Gruber, but it proved an interesting question, since it prompted that train of thoughts about himself and his identity which has produced this agreeable and welcome book.

MAURICE CRANSTON

Medieval Quagmire

The Sicilian Vespers. A History of the Mediterranean World in the Late Thirteenth Century
By Steven Runciman. Cambridge. 27s. 6d.

SIR STEVEN RUNCIMAN is a historian with an eye for a great theme. His new volume is essentially the story of medieval Sicily and 'how it saw itself dragged unwillingly into the quagmire of European politics'. But this story is interesting not only in a Sicilian context but because of its ramifications, ranging far and wide over the European political field from Hungary to England and Wales, and to the far-off Tartars of the Russian steppes and the Mamelukes of Egypt. The reason was the dominating position, geographical and strategic, of medieval Sicily athwart the Mediterranean, which made it the stepping-stone to Empire. The wealth of Sicily was fabulous in medieval times, for here trade routes from north to south met and crossed the sea-borne traffic from orient to occident. From the day when Norman adventurers wrested it from the Arabs, ready opportunities for conquest had beckoned its rulers north into mainland Italy, over the Ionian Sea to Greece and the Aegean, and across the Mediterranean narrows to Tunis.

So long as the two great imperial powers of medieval Europe held firm, the western empire in central Europe ruled by German kings, and the Byzantine empire of Constantinople, there were forces powerful enough to hold the rulers of Sicily in check. Sir

Steven Runciman's story really begins when these empires crumbled, and a political vacuum assailed the heart of Europe. The sack of Constantinople by Latin adventurers in 1204 and the death of Frederick II of Hohenstaufen in 1250 destroyed the two temporal pillars of the medieval world. What would take their place? It was the papacy which tried to provide the answer; for the papacy was the party most directly interested. It had seen its independence threatened by the Hohenstaufen and was determined to prevent a revival of the threat; at the same time it saw an opportunity to reunite the Greek and Latin Churches. All depended upon placing the right man on the Sicilian throne; and the papacy turned to France, and then to England, and again to France in its search for a candidate. In the end its choice fell on the French king's younger brother, Charles of Anjou.

Charles is the central figure, though no one would call him the hero, of Sir Steven's book. A strange, portentous character, he was (and saw himself as) a man of destiny. Genuinely pious, he believed he was the chosen instrument of God; his optimism, because inspired, was (Sir Steven writes) 'almost insane'. But for long he carried all before him; and soon 'men talked of an ancient prophecy about a certain Charles . . . who was to become Emperor of the world'. The story of how he twisted the Pope's tail and step by step made himself master of the papacy, degrading it in the process to an instrument of his policy, has been told in detail by continental historians; but it was worth retelling in its wider context. In the same way he exercised moral sway over his nephew the king of France, who became the subservient instrument of Charles' policy. But in the end, he overreached himself. As his fleets were waiting ready, the one to carve out a kingdom in Provence, the other to snatch the Empire of the East, a great conspiracy extending from Constantinople to Barcelona stirred Sicily to revolt. On Easter Sunday, 1282, the Sicilians rose and threw out the French; and, deprived of his Sicilian base, Charles' dreams of Empire crumbled.

But though Charles failed—as after him Napoleon failed and Hitler failed—his career marks a turning-point in history. During the years when he bestrode the European scene, the medieval world was transformed. With Charles a new and scarcely a better spirit entered European politics; he was the first exponent of a new imperialism, based on the concept of a master-race, on conquest and aggression, of which we have seen the full consequences in our own day. Because, unlike the earlier medieval empires, it was devoid of moral content, it provoked a reaction which stirred the whole of Europe and brought into being the European balance of power. England and Spain and Germany were all threatened in different ways by an over-mighty France, and against this threat they combined. The wars unleashed by the Sicilian Vespers led on directly to the Hundred Years War and to the struggle of France and Spain for Italy; for this reason they have been called the beginning of modern history. It is a pity, perhaps, that Sir Steven has given less space and attention to the aftermath of the Sicilian revolt than to its genesis. But he rightly sees that it was the Great Divide, and the story he tells is engrossing enough. Few historians today have a wider sweep or a more felicitous style; and though perhaps there is little in his book which continental scholars have not told, it is good to have it woven together for English readers in fine English prose.

GEOFFREY BARRACLOUGH



Charles of Anjou

From 'The Sicilian Vespers'

doctrine is supported by a number of manoeuvres which are remarkable in many ways, but not for clarity or respect for facts.

Some of these manoeuvres may conveniently be illustrated together. One striking move is severely to cut down the scope of 'analytic steps' in argument: someone who argues that Anne has red hair because Anne is one of Jack's sisters and all Jack's sisters have red hair, makes an analytic step only if all Jack's sisters are at that moment before his eyes; in all other cases, the statement that all Jack's sisters have red hair is not something he argues from ('data' or 'backing'), but something he argues in accordance with (a 'warrant'), and hence the argument is 'substantial' and not analytic. Toulmin does not give any explicit general criterion for deciding when something is a warrant and when it is a datum, and it is difficult on the basis of his example to think of any which would not be fantastic. Still, it is admitted that sometimes analytic arguments do occur, and one might suppose that when the warrants for them have sufficient generality, we should find ourselves in the sphere of formal logic. Not a bit of it. At this level, apparently, it ceases to be in order to talk about warrants at all. For now we are in the region where what is in question is 'basic rational competence', and where there can be no practical utility in formulating warrants, still less in systematising them. So the formal logician who thought that his invitation, how-

Abuse of Logic

The Uses of Argument. By Stephen Toulmin. Cambridge. 22s. 6d.

PROFESSOR TOULMIN rightly considers that many theorists of logic treat their subject in too exclusively abstract a manner. They pay too little attention to the complexity of the procedures actually followed in reasoning; they take too little account of the variety of the canons by which reasoning is actually assessed. The aim of his new book is to explain how these deficiencies came about and to show, or begin to show, how they should be remedied.

Toulmin has some fresh and interesting things to say about the

roles of modal expressions like 'cannot' and 'must', and about the general scheme and layout of arguments. He shows fertility in suggesting parallels and ingenuity in working out one example. He writes easily, with an informality and assurance which though they may exasperate some, will be found engaging by others. But his book could, and should, have been much better than it is. It is dominated by a polemical zeal which carries him into surprising exaggerations and distortions. The abstract discipline of formal logic is concerned with certain classes of analytic relations of great generality. The more philosophical enterprise of general logical theory is very largely concerned with the actual force and functioning in ordinary discourse of the categories and forms assumed or systematised in formal logic itself. Both these connected types of enquiry are, of course, limited by the very fact of their own generality. They do not, for example, pretend to exhaust all the possibilities of criticism of argument. But in Professor Toulmin's eyes they are worse than limited. They are abominable usurpers of the title of 'logic'. Not only do they not constitute logic, they have no place in it at all, or, at most, a very, very tiny corner. This truly revolutionary

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ever grudgingly sent, was about to arrive, is excluded after all from this strictly utilitarian party. One might feel that the concept of basic rational competence was a little vague; but perhaps Professor Toulmin's satisfaction with it is partly due to the fact that of all the forms of argument and implication studied and systematised by formal logicians he contents himself with discussing one only, *viz.*, the class-membership syllogism. This selectiveness does not prevent him from castigating his adversaries for paying attention to too restricted a class of cases.

Toulmin apparently conceives the task of any logical enquiry to be that of criticising and validating the argument-warrants used in different particular fields of argument. Presumably the role of general logical theory is to show that this is so. The not wholly explicit conclusion of his book is that either there is no such subject as general logic at all or what there is of it is all comprised in the book itself. It is hard to say which would be the greater paradox.

P. F. STRAWSON

Crime and Sin

The Sanctity of Life and the Criminal Law
By Glanville Williams. Faber. 30s.

'THE PHRASE "Christianity is part of the law of England" is really not law; it is rhetoric'. So declared a Lord of Appeal in 1917. But if Christianity is no longer part of our law, there is no doubt that Christian beliefs still underlie much of it, and especially the criminal law. Dr. Williams' viewpoint is that the criminal law should be directed solely to promoting the worldly welfare of society and that theological considerations should have no place in it.

The Wolfenden Report has reminded us that the boundaries of crime and sin are not necessarily co-extensive but the relationship between the two concepts is a matter of doubt and difficulty. Dr. Williams would evidently like to ignore entirely the question 'Is it a sin?' when considering the question 'Should it be a crime?' This is not to say that he ignores moral considerations. On the contrary he is deeply conscious of them—but the morality of which the criminal law should take account, in his view, depends solely on solicitude for the well-being of one's neighbour in this world and not at all on the command to love God. Thus, if the crimes of infanticide and abortion depend on the doctrine that the young child and the foetus have souls and the doctrine of original sin, then there is no justification for the retention of them in our law. If the only reason for the prohibition of euthanasia is that it is a sinful interference with a divine purpose it should be prohibited no longer.

It is in this spirit that Dr. Williams in this book, which is based on the 1956 Carpenter lectures delivered at the Columbia Law School, examines the crimes of infanticide, abortion, suicide, and those types of murder called euthanasia. He also discusses fully the related topics of contraception, sterilisation, and artificial insemination. As one would expect, the discussion of the existing law (not only in England but in America and elsewhere) is admirable; but Dr. Williams also displays remarkable learning in medical matters. Nor does he hesitate to challenge the theologians on their own ground, when, as constantly happens, he finds himself at odds with Christian, and especially Roman Catholic, teaching.

It follows from Dr. Williams' general approach that he favours a considerable relaxation in the present severity of the law. Many of the crimes discussed—*e.g.* suicide—are essentially the personal concern of the individual and affect third parties or the general public only indirectly. The argument advanced for leaving the matter to the individual's conscience in these cases is formidable. It is one thing, however, for the law to refrain from enforcing religious beliefs; it is another for the law to command a person to act contrary to them. Even under the present law, a doctor who declined for religious reasons to procure an abortion to save the life of the mother might be guilty of manslaughter. Some such cases seem inevitable in a society where religious beliefs vary

widely. For example, a parent who refuses to allow his child medical aid on religious grounds is guilty of manslaughter if the child dies in consequence. But such cases should be confined to the minimum and additions made only when it is clearly necessary and in accordance with the beliefs of the great majority of the society concerned. At a time when the proper scope and function of the criminal law is a matter of great public interest, this book deserves to be widely read.

J. C. SMITH

England's Massacre

Peterloo. By Donald Read.
Manchester University Press. 30s.

A MONOGRAPH ON PETERLOO has long been needed. Every textbook on modern English history mentions the events of August 16, 1819, yet, as Mr. Read points out, no writer has fully explained why or how the crowds came together in St. Peter's Fields. This study provides an answer. The first two parts are concerned with the economic, social, and political background, and the fourth part deals with the aftermath of the massacre. Only in the second chapter of part three does the author describe and discuss the events of the day itself. Familiar though they are, they bear re-telling, and the confusion, horror and anger of the scene are unforgettable portrayed in the reports of many eye-witnesses. Mr. Read leaves his selected band of eye-witnesses to speak for themselves; he is happier himself with analysis than with description.

The discussion of the background of Peterloo is original and illuminating. The special contribution made by the weavers (as distinct from the spinners) is emphasised; the shift from economic action in 1818 to political action in 1819 is convincingly brought out; differences in outlook between local 'High Tories' and 'Pittites' are fully explored. More might have been said of the weavers from towns and villages outside Manchester itself; more detail might have been provided about the movement of the trade cycle and of business conditions in 1818; and some further explanation of the choice of the adjective 'Pittite' as a distinguishing mark might have been advanced, but these chapters are most scholarly and informative. The influence of the Sunday Schools in Radical education is given due weight, and in discussing 'the Loyalists', Mr. Read makes it clear that there were differences of opinion (at least about tactics) between the local magistrates and the government. The Home Office stressed the need for caution: the magistrates put their trust in martial law and more troops. The Home Office suggested a 'monitory and conciliatory Address to the lower Classes': the magistrates made no such gesture. Among their most unwise decisions was that to dispense with the services of General Byng: when the day of Peterloo arrived their first line of defence was the inexperienced, prejudiced and intoxicated Manchester Yeomanry. There was an element of local Civil War in the events of August 16, and the initiative to use force came not from the peaceful and unarmed crowds but from the panicky and frenzied magistrates and ill-managed local troops augmented by well-disciplined regular cavalry.

After Peterloo the government backed the magistrates in the first instance because it believed that the actions of unpaid magistrates had to be supported at all costs, but it did not conceal its basic agreement with the magistrates about the threat to property, the menace of militant radicalism and the need for repression. The thanks of the Prince Regent were conveyed to the authorities at Manchester within five days of the massacre, and the six Acts were passed in the autumn of the year. Mr. Read carefully describes the attitude of the Whigs both to Peterloo and to the actions of the government, and shows how the Manchester middle-class Radicals were established in local politics and introduced to national politics. He says less about the symbolic significance of Peterloo in working-class politics and touches only briefly on the impact of the incident on literature. The late Humphry House, who was particularly interested in the

last of these subjects and planned a book on Peterloo, used the evidence of the post-Peterloo trials to demonstrate the vigour of colloquial English in working-class Manchester: he contrasted the homely style of working-class leaders with the violent denunciation of Shelley's *Masque of Anarchy*. More could be written about

this aspect of Peterloo. As it is, Mr. Read has made an important contribution to the study of Peterloo in general English history, to some extent taking it out of the context of the history of the labour movement and relating it to the whole social *milieu* of England's 'most revolutionary' city.

ASA BRIGGS

Medieval England from the Air

Medieval England: an Aerial Survey. By M. W. Beresford and J. K. St. Joseph. Cambridge. 45s.

THE FIELD OF ENGLISH TOPOGRAPHY has in the past been deeply submerged in the sickening and inaccurate twaddle of innumerable hack writers. The subject has lent itself, almost more than any other, to the use of scissors and paste and art-paper photographs that have no relation (perhaps mercifully) to the text. In recent years, however, there have been welcome signs of a more serious and disciplined approach to the subject, without in the least degree taking the pleasure out of it. Indeed, our pleasure has been vastly enhanced by this new approach. This book by Mr. Beresford and Dr. St. Joseph, with its wonderful use of air photographs and its lucid, crisp, and stimulating commentary on each, marks a notable advance in our knowledge of our own countryside and towns, and in our pleasure in looking at them.

Medieval England: an Aerial Survey is the second volume in the series entitled Cambridge Air Surveys, the first one being *Monastic Sites from the Air*, published in 1952. Dr. St. Joseph's reputation as the leading exponent of air photography in its application to archaeology and history is a sufficient guarantee of the technical quality and historical interest of the 117 photographs published here. In this volume he collaborates with Mr. Maurice Beresford, whose books on *The Lost Villages of England* and, more recently, *History on the Ground* will be familiar to all who take an informed interest in the visual evidences of history in the English landscape.

The value of air photography is now accepted without question. Not only has it yielded a remarkable number of new sites of great archaeological interest, but it can be applied with abundant fruitfulness to sites already known on the ground. And, as the authors rightly claim, 'the varied pattern of the English landscape with its towns and villages is a subject that lends itself particularly well to air photography'. There are sections on fields and villages, the multiplication of villages, village plans, town plans (including some remarkable examples of deliberately planned towns), on the dissolution of the medieval landscape, on industrial features, and finally a few miscellaneous features such as roads and bridges, hundred meeting-places, and a couple of problem pictures for the solution of which the reader's help is invited. Besides the beautiful air photographs (a few of which, however, fail to reach the highest level of clarity), the authors have assembled a valuable collection

of town and village plans ranging forward from Great Gidding in 1541 to Padbury in 1955.

Accompanying each photograph or plan we have a text setting out the significant history of the site. Some of this text is based upon the acknowledged work of other scholars, but a great deal is the product of intensive research among original documents, both in local record offices and in the central archives. The result is an entirely fascinating book which looks back in places to the

Roman period, as in the discussion of the siting of villages or of certain town plans, and forward in others to the twentieth century, as in the plans of the Giddings and of Padbury.

Mr. Beresford and Dr. St. Joseph throw off countless ideas. It would be a miracle if they all stood up to a detailed local inspection. For example, in the course of a fruitful discussion on the ancient boundaries of towns and parishes they say (page 80) that 'parish boundaries which are oblivious of a town's walls . . . make it likely that the walls are a later arrival on a scene where territorial bounds were already too well entrenched . . . for anyone to think of altering them'. This is a rash statement which takes no account of Roman towns and their walls. At Exeter, for example, the walls ante-date the parochial boundaries by many centuries, and the parish boundaries frequently ignore the Roman walls. Why should they not do so? Occasionally there is a slip in the facts. Thus Lydford (page 172) never had any walls, only earthen ramparts.

Many historians will wish to possess this admirable book, but I should like to think that the general reader also will read it greedily. And he will, I am sure, find himself coming back to it again and again for illumination, above all just before setting out on a trip to some place illustrated in these pages. Only those living on the western side of England will feel they have been neglected, and perhaps those who live in the extreme south-east. This is the only serious criticism one can make of *Medieval England*, and though the authors attempt to meet it in their introduction their reasons are not wholly convincing. One would like to see a companion volume to this one devoted exclusively to the western side of the country, including Wales. It would be an entirely different book, both in the nature of its air photographs and in its background history.

W. G. HOSKINS



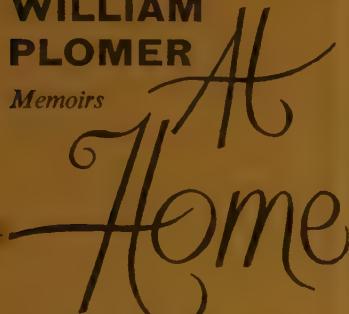
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COLLINS

Live and Let Live

Live and Let Live. By Eustace Chesser.

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Homosexuality. By Clifford Allen. Staples. 15s.

IT HAS BEEN SAID that the one good thing that the Wolfenden Report has done is to enable us to talk openly about homosexuality. This, in turn, has led to the publication of a number of books like the two under review. They are both of them commentaries on the Report, though Dr. Allen is only concerned with homosexuality, while Dr. Chesser turns his mind to prostitution as well. They differ, too, in other ways, and particularly in their views about the causes of sexual inversion. Dr. Chesser, while not denying that in some cases it may be acquired, plumps rather for a congenital component. Dr. Allen, on the other hand holds that 'we can discard the genetic factor'. For him it is a disease, frequently associated with 'other psychological abnormalities'. The evidence on either side is not conclusive. Kallman's investigations into the sexual preferences of identical twins is thought well of by Dr. Chesser and ill of by Dr. Allen. The incidence of 'other psychological abnormalities' is difficult to assess. Dr. Allen deliberately concentrates on male homosexuality (though a few lesbians figure among his case histories). We would like to know whether such abnormalities are found among female homosexuals, and whether they are found associated with homosexuality in cultures in which it is not persecuted. Furthermore, it must be remembered that it is the suffering homosexual who is likely to find his way to the doctor's consulting room.

The contentious issue on the Report, so far as homosexuality is concerned is, of course, a change in the law regarding consenting adults. The reformists hold that it is the business of the law to protect minors and non-consenting parties, and that the consenting adults do no harm. With this view both doctors agree, and Dr. Chesser insists that adults who are attracted by adults are no more likely to 'corrupt' minors than are 'normal' heterosexuals. Their differences about causes are, however, important. 'Live and let live', says Dr. Chesser; 'Come and be cured' cries Dr. Allen, and he provides a set of case histories to show that treatment can be efficacious. This he believes to be desirable because 'Possibly the greatest importance of homosexuality is that it causes so much unhappiness'. Since Dr. Chesser openly declares, and Dr. Allen darkly hints, that those who favour punishing homosexuals are so minded because they are busily repressing their own impulses in that direction, it would be a fatal tactical blunder for the reformist platform to suggest that a single homosexual lives a perfectly happy life. At the same time one must reflect again that it is the unhappy ones who consult Dr. Allen.

In all this absurd and tragic business the reformists have the oddest allies: those who favour egalitarian treatment of sin and of the two sexes. Dr. Chesser quotes the Archbishop of Canterbury, who informs us that homosexual intercourse is a sin, and observes: 'If there were some clear way by which, without fatal damage to the general principles of the Report, adultery, fornication, and homosexual offences could be effectively restrained by legal penalties, it might well be right to take it. If there were no such clear way—and it is difficult to see one—then the principle must be upheld'. And we have all heard the argument that male and female homosexuality should have parity of treatment. This, however, is a dangerous argument for the reformists; it might go the wrong way round, and the Archbishop is not what one could call a 'reliable' ally—some 'clear way' might be found.

On prostitution Dr. Chesser has some interesting things to say. The prostitute, on his view, sells her favours because she hates men, and because, for one cause or another, sex and love have become divorced. Her clients too have something wrong with them—an overvaluation of sex. The first proposition is born out by investigation; the second is a moral judgement with which not everyone will agree. So far as venereal disease is concerned he gives some evidence to show that fewer prostitutes are responsible than is usually supposed. The real menace is the amateur, who seems to be muscling in in great numbers; whether the amateur hates men is not revealed. When it comes to the recommendations

of the Report Dr. Chesser is in favour of cleaning up the streets, in favour of heavier fines as conducive to that end, and in favour of charging the client as an accessory. He is against sending either party to prison. This is what 'live and let live' comes to on the issue of street walking. How odd it would be to live in a society in which sex as such had nothing to do with morality at all.

W. J. H. SPROTT

Old Lamb, Young Lion

Henry James and H. G. Wells. A Record of their Friendship, their Debate on the Art of Fiction, and their Quarrel. Edited by Leon Edel and Gordon N. Ray. Hart-Davis. 21s.

TO REALISE THE FATAL IMPROBABILITY of the whole relationship, one need only imagine how they might have treated each other in novels. Wells, surely, would have been forced to make James the caricature of Eminence. Young Fax, the Grub Street tenderfoot grown a nine days' wonder with his novel about a shop-girl driven on the streets, would finally scale the marbled Valhalla of literary clubland and meet the Great Man himself. Elaborately, condescendingly, the Great Man would praise in mandarin periods his structural sense, his *nuances*, his *aperçus*; compare his style with Zola and Flaubert. While young Fax, who had merely written with burning indignation out of what he knew, would listen in shy bewilderment and speed on, finding nothing for him here, back to Real Life and the girl from the night-school.

While James . . . James, if you like, had already put Wells into fiction, as Miriam Rooth of *The Tragic Muse*. From the first, that is to say, he recognised in the lady's-maid's son another of the type which fascinated him and haunted his work: the raw young lion, in whom genius reveals itself so far chiefly as a tireless capacity to devour experience. To make a James plot, carnivore must encounter and dazzle some wry, fastidious expatriate; learn with his guidance the great traditions and crafts; then, with voracity disciplined into creation, superb in mane and mastery, toss the mentor's used carcase by.

Either version would have been truer, and less painful, than what really happened. A relationship which was a snarled collision of both dragged on, at politely veiled cross-purposes, from 1898 to 1915: seventeen years in which, as Wells wrote later, 'I bothered him, and he bothered me'. Sociably, they visited back and forth between James' house in Rye and Sandgate, Hampstead, wherever the Wells family caravan was resting. Enthusiastically, they exchanged authors' copies—*Kipps* for *The Ambassadors*, *In the Days of the Comet* for *The Golden Bowl*. But in their congratulatory letters, Wells always abdicated with firm modesty from any attempt to emulate James' selective artifice; while James marvelled more and more pointedly at the turbulent excess of Wells' creative energy. Finally, in an article on contemporary novelists, James was forced to take to task what he considered the mere photography of Wells and Bennett. Wells, stung, retaliated cruelly with the famous attack in *Boon*, comparing James' art to a great church on whose altar lies nothing but 'a dead kitten, an egg-shell and a bit of string'. With gentle dignity, James wrote to indicate the depth of his hurt. Wells stubbornly evaded an apology; and in one more letter, James re-stated his artistic credo with a finality which implied that they had no more to say. He died a year later.

Leon Edel and Gordon N. Ray have drawn on the Wells archive at the University of Illinois to put together the letters and critical excerpts that make up the story. Their presentation is as full, fair and impeccable as one expects of the editors of James' plays and the Thackeray letters. But in the end the relationship defeats them. What brought such disparate minds together at all? The introduction can only suggest James' need for recognition by the young, Wells' craving for acceptance by the established. But others could have satisfied both far better. What, in their utterly dissimilar worlds, had they in common to generate such a polarity of attraction and hostility?

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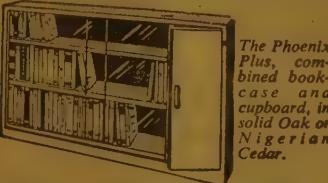
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One thing, perhaps. At the bottom of both their minds lay a stratum of primitive Darwinism. For both, the world was ultimately divided into victors and victims. Wells could not but take the side he did: success, the strong, the future. In that misapprehended *tour de force*, *The Sacred Fount*, James declared his loyalty: the past, the weak. Before they met, they had cast themselves as lion and lamb. Meeting, they had to play their complementary roles, and any attempt to lie down together only postponed the inevitable. It is the sense of a willed inevitability that gives their story its drama, and the curious feeling at the end that triumph somehow has gone to the victim.

RONALD BRYDEN

Resisting the Russians

Defence in the Nuclear Age. By Stephen King-Hall. Gollancz. 18s.

MANY PEOPLE ARE NOW READY to accept that the arrival of the H-bomb and long-range missiles means that the problem of defence has undergone not merely a qualitative but an absolute change. The discovery of gunpowder certainly marked a monumental change in war-making potential. But it was only a qualitative change from the cross-bow and the spear. War became infinitely bloodier and more costly, but it could still reasonably be regarded as a continuation of policy by other means. With the arrival of nuclear weapons I believe this is no longer true. The employment of nuclear weapons against an enemy similarly armed would destroy that which we were striving to defend. For the first time in history the world is faced with the situation in which weapons of such limitless power have become available that they are effective only so long as they are not used. Held available for use they may deter a potential enemy from attacking; used they will destroy both the attacker and the attacked. Conventional thinking about defence has therefore become as obsolete as have conventional weapons. And probably never before has so much serious thought been given to the fundamental problems of defence as today.

I suppose that only once in our history has the basic pattern of our defence policy become a subject for such anxious and widespread popular discussion. That was shortly before the second world war. The opposition that was then widely expressed to the policy of rearmament was a manifestation of near-pacifism. It was generated largely by moral considerations and was sustained by the view—yet to be controverted—that massive armaments lead to massive wars. No doubt these same emotions and similar arguments play their part in the heart-searching which is proceeding today. But today some of the most effective critics of our defence policy are concerned primarily with sternly practical arguments. Such a one, by and large, is Commander Sir Stephen King-Hall. He is concerned less with the moral rights and wrongs of using nuclear weapons than with the effectiveness of these weapons in preserving what we would seek to defend. The essence of the policy which Sir Stephen advocates with a robust confidence in his *Defence in the Nuclear Age* is 'unilateral nuclear disarmament'.

He starts from the reasonable assumption that if we went to war again it would be to defend our free and democratic way of life. Communism posed the greatest threat to this way of life and Soviet Russia could therefore be assumed to be our main potential enemy. In Sir Stephen's view her threat is primarily political and only secondly military. He argues that it is vain to think that military resistance could stop short of all-out nuclear war. In conventional forces Russia has a clear superiority. We could stop them only with so-called tactical nuclear weapons which would invite Soviet retaliation in kind so that we should be compelled to employ larger nuclear weapons. Inevitably the end of this chain-reaction would be the use of the ultimate weapon.

So argues Sir Stephen King-Hall. His conclusion is honest and simple: 'I am convinced that as between Britain occupied by the Russian army and Britain a smoking radio-active charnel-house, the former is the lesser of two great evils'. And so Sir

Stephen insists that Britain must give up the use and possession of all nuclear weapons. That would be her only hope of avoiding total nuclear destruction. While many people are likely to find his analysis of the consequences of the use of nuclear weapons both logical and realistic, fewer will probably be persuaded that his proposals for meeting this new situation are politically practicable. He recognises that Britain's renunciation of nuclear weapons would mean the abandonment of her American alliance and the break-up of Nato. Since our continental allies do not possess nuclear weapons—yet—Sir Stephen believes they would join us in creating a European Treaty Organisation dedicated primarily to political and moral rather than military force. Their purely conventional forces should be large enough only to put up a token resistance.

Even fewer people are likely to be convinced of the effectiveness of his recipe for dealing with a Soviet occupation. Sir Stephen believes it possible that if we devoted as much energy and money into organising non-violent resistance as we are now doing to organise military resistance the Russians might recoil from the psychological and ideological conflict with which an occupation would face them. He outlines an elaborate, government-organised and nation-wide programme of passive resistance which could be put into operation the moment the Soviet forces landed on our shores. I must confess that here Sir Stephen seems to me to have entered deeply into the realm of fantasy. None the less, there is much sound common sense and provocatively stimulating thinking in this book which I regard as a serious contribution to any discussion of what is probably the most perplexing and appalling problem with which the modern world has been faced.

RICHARD SCOTT

The Rower

On a great current leaning, endless my oars
Pluck me unwilling by the laughing shores;
Soul with hands heavy, heavy with sculls weighted,
Your dull blades strike the knells of skies departed,

Knock at their eye-distracting graces while
The wide rings ripen out, and I hard-hearted
Flail this too eminent world of high renown,
Of leaves and furnaces that I sing down.

Trees I travel, ample and simple silk,
Embroidered water gentle as given milk,
Rip them, my wherry, with your creasing comb
Mosaicking even the memory of calm!

Never, seductive dayspring, never you have
Of self-defensive rebel so endured
Outrage, now I, long by your suns matured,
Towards your source where names are nameless strive.

In vain the enormous and continuous nymph
With limpid arms defends me from her lips:
Slowly through thousand icy strings I triumph,
And naked troops of spears with silver tips.

These hush-hush rumours of waters in decoy
Devious my day-blood scarf as night is starred
And none more blindly uses ancient joy
In treadle of equal flight without retard—

Under the ringleted bridgeways, under the wind-filled
The murmur-and-night-filled vaultings, the current bears
My laurelled temples rolling in the flood
And yet whose frontals are more hard than theirs:

And slowly their night passes. Under them I drink
Their feeling suns and eyelids prompt with dew
When twitching my stone blanket round I sink
In disregard of so much lazy blue.

Translated by HILARY CORKE from the French of PAUL VALERY

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting DOCUMENTARY

Magazine on the Air

SEVERAL YEARS AGO I remember going to Lime Grove to attend a weekend introduction to television for writers. The amused little group was shepherded round the studios, self-consciously tripping its way over wires and cables; then it



'The Happy Wanderers', two London buskers seen in 'Monitor' on March 2

was huddled comfortably into the dark to be shown some examples of what came out at the receiving end; and after that there were pompous discussions on the relation of the word to the image in the new medium. *Sancta simplicitas!* The thing was obviously a curiosity, and its future seemed to lie in the direction of panel games. I don't think it had occurred even to the most far-seeing member of the Corporation that it was ever going to become a serious rival of the weekly magazine. 'Panorama' was a folder awaiting attention on somebody's desk.

Yet here we are with three regular magazines on B.B.C. television, each of which has a 'circulation' far in excess of all but the most popular printed weekly. Not that one should lose one's head in the other direction. Television journalism suffers from inherent disadvantages, as becomes apparent when it attempts to deal with a situation of any great complexity. It is cumbersome and often downright clumsy when it comes to presenting facts and data, and it is so absurdly ephemeral as to make the average news-sheet appear by contrast to have a kind of permanence. It also makes the impossible demand of its 'regular readers' that they shall be in and available at the same time on the same night every week.

Against that it has at its disposal incomparable means of making an immediate impression — of, as they say, putting one in the picture. I felt that more time might have been given to the discussion of the difficulties that confront the weekly magazine in this country today when Woodrow Wyatt made a cursory

examination of their position in 'Panorama' a week ago. Lady Rhondda, Mr. George Scott, and a representative of Odhams Press were in the studio to offer their views, so one might have expected something much more enlightening than the inconclusive exchange that occurred. But it may be that this merely reflected what is still an exceedingly fluid and interesting situation all round where no one is at all sure of the pattern into which the reading and viewing habits of our island will set; in which case it is of sufficient interest for Mr. Wyatt to return to it fairly soon and give it the exhaustive treatment it deserves.

For an instance of television technique at its most vividly enlightening on a topical issue one need go no further than the visit by Christopher Chataway to Canada to study problems of unemployment and immigration, shown partly in the same edition of 'Panorama' and partly the week before. Here we saw the camera's marvellous power of melting down meaningless statistics into haunting eyes and mouths, as Mr. Chataway interviewed a number of workless men in the street about their prospects and elicited some exceptionally frank statements about their new lives from immigrants from this country. The most brilliant descriptive journalist writing in a weekly magazine could never hope to convey such a vital and precise impression.

'Panorama' and 'Tonight' are journalistic instruments that have come to stay: 'Monitor', which aims to cast a weather eye over the arts, and has joined them but recently on a fortnightly basis, is still finding its feet — compare its nervous emphases with the easy confidence of its seniors. I was delighted by the fresh and fascinating balance of its early numbers, by its determined excursions into such difficult country as novel-writing and the theatre; but a Sunday ago there were some chilling symptoms of preciousness.

The only item that really came off was a fasci-

nating film survey, by a young American, of London buskers many of whom apparently are of Italian origin, with two of the best-known interviewed in the studio. The visit to some Bohemian artists in Paris seemed rather pointless as an insight into 'what's happening' in painting and sculpture; the discussion of Georges de la Tour, though faultless, was obviously planned by someone who did not realise that de la Tour had been discussed already very expertly on television by Professor Thomas Bodkin a few weeks ago; and a brief donnish discussion of class distinction and television did not seem to lead to or from anywhere. Perhaps 'Monitor' is at present a little too afraid of the currently eventful in the arts; though its problems are different and harder it could perhaps take a tip or two from radio's 'Comment'.

Occasionally the camera is aimed at a deeper level than the momentary report and the snap judgement: two noteworthy programmes last week, 'Black Furrow' and 'The More We Are Together', evinced careful and rewarding preparation, and they were good examples of the difference between the 'live' and the dramatised approach. As it happened, it was the dramatised that was the more successful this time: Miss Elaine Morgan managed in some splendidly authentic dialogue to present the whole community's division of interest and the huge local disturbance that happens when open-cast mining rips up the surface of a Welsh valley. The Gladdens of Bethnal Green are lively personalities in their own right and a wonderful find for Robert Reid who followed a typical week in their lives in all its cheerful solidity. They accepted his intrusions with the greatest courtesy, but I'm afraid I did not. I wished, without offence, he could have found some way of eliminating himself.

ANTHONY CURTIS

DRAMA

A Parade of Periods

SUNDAY NIGHT took us to the China of 900 years ago and into a world of romance (a fairytale without the fairies) that is eternal. We saw

the virtuous and beautiful maiden Hi-Tang sold to a tea-shop by a poor and callous mother and then sold again in marriage to a corrupt Mandarin. But the handsome Prince Pao had noticed his Cinderella and when she was falsely accused of two crimes, including the murder of the Mandarin, he had succeeded to the Emperor's throne and could dispense justice, mercy, and affection too.

James Laver's version of 'Klabund's' German version of this Chinese antique, 'The Circle of Chalk', had the right stuff to make rewarding television. Douglas Allen enjoyed a widely moving story to give his production fluency; Stephen Taylor's designs provided a revolving stage showing sundry bright pavilions. We could not, of course, enjoy the colour and had to imagine the paint-box employed by Elizabeth Agombar in arranging the costumes. Thus discussed, the piece may seem to be more a lotus-leaf pattern than a flesh-and-blood play.



A slogan of protest hoisted in a Welsh town in an area scheduled for open-cast coal-mining: scene from the dramatised documentary 'Black Furrow'.

But the dramatic story was so obvious in its various moves that one saw the villains and the victims more as puppets than as persons. Here was the ritual of romance and a whimsical defiance of reality.

The casting of Chin Yü as the lovely and long-suffering Hi-Tang could not fail in grace of movement: the eloquence of her hands is familiar and her arms could not have been more articulate. But for the sufferings and the protests she had insufficient voice and an inadequate range of acting. She moved through the story like a flower carried by the wind of destiny and not as a woman of courage fighting a dramatic battle for justice and for her life. This increased one's sensation of attending on a tastefully manipulated masquerade in which the men and women had chiefly to maintain their places in the pattern.

Gillian Lind, David Bird, and Olaf Pooley were able, however, to establish some individuality of unscrupulous types. William Russell's Prince was every inch a charmer out of a fairytale. Our rough British appetite craves a few clowns with its Christmas Cinderellas, but there is no room for a Buttons or Ugly Sisters in 'The Circle of Chalk'. This, no doubt, argues the admirable taste of its creator and of his modern interpreters. I shall risk the charge of vulgarity by admitting that I would have liked a laugh, or at least a smile, to relieve ninety minutes of pretty puppetry and whimsy melodrama.

There was a revival (March 6) of 'She Too Was Young', by Hilda Vaughan and Laurier Lister. (This was produced as a stage-play at Wyndham's Theatre in 1938.) The story took us to mid-Victorian Wales and to the matrimonial dilemmas of a stately but impecunious home. The mother was unscrupulous, the father feckless. The two daughters were fair and dark, in character as in colouring, and the young men involved seemed hardly worth the capture since they displayed hardly any character at all. Finally the feckless father asserted himself and the naughty mother revealed herself and we could end with the feeling that mid-Victorian domesticity was running true to fictional form. Production and performance in the Welsh studio were soundly conventional. Rightly, for the play offered a conservative evening, not a liberal education. Helen Shingler had most to do and did it well.

Wilfred Pickles and Mabel gave us another

of 'Caxton's Tales' (March 7). These episodes of a northern printer's home and workshop put the emphasis on decent character and exemplary conduct, which is certainly original in these times. Here is a simple slice of Yorkshire pudding in a world of rock-and-roll-poly. Some may prefer Goons or gunmen, but the peaceful, sensible Caxtons should please many who like suburban diaries; in more senses than one, the Caxtons live near to the Dales.

Samuel Pepys, as Secretary to the Admiralty, seems in his diary to carry some weight of years as well as being, out of office hours, a man with a load of mischief. Yet he was only twenty-seven in 1660, the date at which A. R. Rawlinson



'The Circle of Chalk' on March 9: Chang-Ling (Raymond Young) and his sister Chang-Hi-Tang (Chin Yü) being taken to the Imperial Court for judgement



Peter Sallis (left) as Pepys and Manning Wilson as Sir Edward Montagu in the first episode of 'The Diary of Samuel Pepys' on March 7

began his Pepysian half-hours (March 7). The casting and performance of Samuel by Peter Sallis properly put youth on the Navy's prow and pleasure at the helm. We got far enough

on March 7 to surmise that Chloe Gibson's production, with film insets, is going to make Restoration London well worth our visits. 'It is pretty to see what money can do', said Pepys. This series should justify a liberal budget. The Diarist certainly left Mr. Rawlinson material in plenty and the period is an invitation to pictorial talent.

Last Saturday's 'Galaxy', instead of having Trevor Howard as narrator, was 'compèred' by Diana Dors who brought a smiling and benign decorum to the introduction of a curious farrago. Hamlet (John Neville) discussed the merits of being and not being; Charlie Drake endeavoured to pass a motor-driver's test; Wendy Toye gave us the modernismus of ballet; Ian



A scene from 'She Too Was Young' on March 6 with Susan Richmond as Mrs. Lovelace, Roddy Hughes (background) as Thomas, Helen Shingler as Emily Trewain, Ann Hanslip as her daughter Rose, and Raymond Rollett as Sir Eustace Lestrange

Carmichael, in an extract from 'The Tunnel of Love', convinced me that laughing at one's own bad jokes can be made to seem good fun; but he hardly persuaded me that a visit to this comedy at Her Majesty's Theatre is a theatrical 'must'.

IVOR BROWN

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Princes in Darkness

GRANVILLE-BARKER ONCE OBSERVED that without some spiritually significant idea a drama will hang lifeless. (He thought there wasn't one in 'Henry V' which is, to say the least, debatable.) If there were no spiritually significant idea in Kleist's 'Prince of Homburg' the romantic heroics of that early nineteenth-century German drama would now seem very 'old hat' indeed. At the start of its first broadcast in English, in the Third Programme last week, many listeners must have felt like deserting from its disciplinarian dementia to the humane commonsense of, say, Shaw's 'Arms and the Man'. By the time it was over they may have been reflecting that, within its own conventions, the piece does as well by the army as our 'Bridge on the River Kwai'.

The Prince, whose impetuosity has already cost the Brandenburgers a brace of battles, gets the bit between his teeth again on the field of Fehrbellin. His cavalry charge before the outflanking force has cut off the Swedish retreat by destroying the bridge. The result is costly casualties, almost including the Elector himself, and the rout of an enemy who nevertheless survives to fight another day. The Elector, nothing if not logical, gives the Prince all honour for the triumph and has him condemned to death for disobedience in the field.

At first the Prince makes light of his predicament, confident of pardon. Then he loses his nerve and begs the court ladies to intercede to save his life on any terms. The Elector politely offers him free pardon if he will so much as question the strict justice of the verdict; whereupon the Prince, realising what soldierly standards are at stake, becomes absolute for death. Neither the heroine's pleas nor the rising of his own troops to force his release will shake him now, and he is led before the firing squad. But then the bandage is taken from his eyes and

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One way or another PUNCH is determined to have its say; and since the cold war and the rocket menace are too serious for laughter it will, for once, say it seriously. In the next few weeks, PUNCH will print, under the general title "East is West", a series of reasoned and responsible articles by writers of widely differing faiths and professions. They will give their views freely, unfettered by political allegiance or editorial policy.

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Today: J. B. Priestley "This Nuclear Madness". Other contributors will be Dr. J. Bronowski, Alan Bullock, Lord Chandos, Alistair Cooke, H. F. Ellis, Fr. Trevor Huddleston, Eric Linklater, Rebecca West, D. Zaslavski (of Krokodil).

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there the vision with which the play rather cumbrously started—his beloved Natalia as victory, holding out the laurel wreath intertwined with the Elector's golden chain—becomes reality.

B.B.C. publicity described 'The Prince of Homburg' as a historical *tragedy*. This plot-outline may make it seem mere romantic melodrama, but Kleist successfully realises his spiritually significant idea. The conception of love inspiring valour, of the solitary spiritual heroism which opens the way for transfiguration of justice into mercy, transforms the rigours of Prussian militarism and the rigidity of romantic allegory into authentic poetic drama.

All the same, the play might go disastrously wrong in a modern performance in this compromising country. That it did not do so is the cue for laurels all round. James Kirkup combined discretion with valour in his vigorous version and rose finely to poetic opportunities. Paul Daneman guarded the Prince from histrionic heroics and created the successive stages of his development with modest assurance. Equally well judged were the performances of William Devlin (the Elector), Jill Bennett (Natalia), and Baliol Holloway, who was at his stirring best as the loyal old veteran Kottwitz. Michael Bakewell, who produced this play, was jointly responsible for the broadcast of Schiller's 'Death of Wallenstein' three years ago. Kleist's drama is in that tradition and Mr. Bakewell was always in command of it. His soundscape of the field of Fehrbellin presented a tremendous panorama to the mind's eye. 'The Prince of Homburg' was a fine example of what the Third Programme can and should do for substantial plays that are almost unknown and unperformed in this country.

Last week the Third also transformed Prince Hamlet—into a feigned madness consisting largely of farmyard imitations and (*pace* Sir Nathaniel) drinking ink. This was Michael Innes, still on the Elsinore by-pass, guessing what the pre-Shakespearian play was like. He seems to have had at the back of his mind the gossip retailed by Rowe about Shakespeare's acting, 'that the top of his Performance was the Ghost in his own "Hamlet"'. So young Shakespeare stands-in for an otherwise-detained Ghost in Kyd's Senecan version, and argues with its author how the apparition should be brought into the play. We were to sense the ghost of Shakespeare's 'Hamlet' already haunting Kyd's 'Danish Tragedy'—in which, it seems, the Ghost was gentlemanly enough to exonerate Gertrude from complicity in the murder. It was, of course, really Michael Innes who was ghosting for Kyd; and making too many different kinds of point at once for full effect. But with the aid of Broadcasting House's tutelary Ariel he did his spiriting gently.

James Forsyth provided another black prince in his Home Service play 'Christophe' but there were also echoes of 'Hamlet' in his theme. If I interpret aright a play that revealed its meaning through a mike darkly, this was a tragedy—with contemporary implication—in which the Black King of Haiti's post-haste and romage in the land to deter a European invasion betrayed the Christian spirit of his kingdom to the powers of darkness. Mr. Forsyth always seems on the verge of bringing off a really fine play. Once more he didn't quite do it in 'Christophe' but again he made us feel he soon will.

ROY WALKER

THE SPOKEN WORD

Plat de Carême

REVERTING TO THE SUBJECT of poetry, I notice that the Home Service's Thursday evening 'Personal Choice' has been ousted, both last week and this (and, presumably, for several weeks to come), by a series of Lenten addresses. Now it is

right and proper for the B.B.C. to mark Lent, but why must the Home's one poetry feature be the victim? The endless news bulletins, the At Home and Abroads, the Great Divides, the Matters of Moment, the Radio Links, in which harsh voices of varying accent twist the English language into hideous doublethink on just why we must all go on preparing to blow each other to kingdom come—all these, I suppose, are sacrosanct. I should myself have thought it might have been a more Christian gesture to have given up, for Lent, some small part of the fantastic and terrifying debate on missile bases, nuclear retaliation, etc., rather than to sacrifice the few minutes devoted, on the national wavelength, to that one of the arts of peace in which this country has most excelled.

It isn't even as if these discussions do any good: Thursday's 'Radio Link'—one of the most depressing programmes I have heard for a long time—made it quite clear that enough nations in Western Europe either have come or will come into line with what America wants in the way of nuclear bases: and in some nightmarish way those nations whose territories are not likely to be required were made to seem like children left out of a party.

The Home to some extent atoned for its poetic delinquency last week by repeating on Wednesday a conversation between Vernon Watkins and Robin Holmes on the recently published letters written to Mr. Watkins by Dylan Thomas. I had missed this when it was originally broadcast on Network Three's 'World of Books', and enjoyed it very much. We were given Dylan plain, but not as Brinnin saw him: not the dying showman but the living poet, who shouted verse aloud like Verlaine, was wildly generous, and, whatever else he may have lost—letters, appointments, money, his reputation among the ignorant—never lost a poem. I was fascinated by Mr. Watkins' account of how Thomas worked out the line 'Proud as a sucked stone and huge as sandgrains' from what was originally 'Proud as a mule's womb and huge as insects': he often worked through thirty or forty variations of a single phrase for days on end. Typical of the true poet, too, were Thomas' spotting the one live dazzling phrase in a trashy novel and making a poem out of it ('the shadow's dark directly under the candle' he made into 'There is loud and dark directly under the dumb flame'). This was a fine and illuminating quarter of an hour.

Somebody with his ear close to the literary ground nabbed an American professor for us on Monday, and the result was one of the most positive and impressive contemporary-poetry programmes I have heard on the Third for some time. Professor Thomas Parkinson explained, in a few sternly dismissive phrases, that American poetry went through its neo-academic revival some years ago, and has now abandoned the 'dreary processes,' the suburban tone, the incapacity for trusting experience, the idea of work unmotivated by any desire except the desire to write a poem'. He then went on to tell us about a group of powerful new writers associated with the veteran William Carlos Williams, a poet, said the Professor, whose words, being actual, will bite their way home. They did, for me. We heard a reading of Williams' poem 'Rain', then some of the younger writers, notably Allen Ginsberg, a Whitmanesque rhapsodist who read part of a most extraordinary poem called 'Howl', a powerful self-identifying invocation to a person confined in an asylum: in which line after line began 'I am with you in Rockland . . .': a terrible yet inspiring litany rising to a magnificent crescendo. If the rest of this poem is anywhere near as remarkable as the bit we heard, the whole thing must be broadcast as soon as possible. Almost equally exciting were some excerpts from a sequence by Josephine

Miles, attacking the smooth public faces of Californian worthies. Both poets, in their humanity, their passion, their return to the basic principles of imagism, reminded me of Rexroth, whose work I have seen in print. But none of these poets is published over here.

Also from America last week came (Third, Thursday) a bright, intriguing little talk by Marya Mannes, a New Yorker married to an Englishman, on differences between the characters of the two nations as she has observed and composed them in a mixed marriage: the American woman's vitality and interest in people's offsetting English male dominance and stuffiness, and so forth. This small talk restored my faith in the B.B.C.'s motto, which is, in case anyone has forgotten, 'Nation Shall Speak Peace Unto Nation'.

K. W. GRANSDEN

MUSIC

Vox Populi

'ANDREA CHENIER' has been included in the repertory of the season at Drury Lane, whence it was broadcast last Thursday, in response to a public demand. While this display of interest in a comparatively unknown opera is welcome on its own account, I find the choice of Giordano's opera rather puzzling. Perhaps it is the kind of opera which it is unfair to judge from a broadcast. Its dramatic impact in the theatre is unquestionably effective, and covers its want of distinction in melodic invention and characterisation. When the visual image and the immediate reaction of audience to singer are not present, one becomes disproportionately conscious of these weaknesses.

'Andrea Chénier' is sometimes held up to admiration as a piece of good operatic craftsmanship and even as a model upon which Puccini four years later fashioned some of the most effective scenes in 'Tosca'. That Giordano was a highly professional opera-composer and that his work is a good example of the 'well-made' drama of the eighteen-nineties is obviously true. But it is the kind of thing that has been better done. Would Puccini, for example, have accepted that nondescript scene with which 'Andrea Chénier' begins? As 'Tosca' has been mentioned, consider how that opera opens with a direct plunge into a highly charged dramatic situation. And Gérard, the baritone and therefore the villain of the piece, may, with his lack of conviction in his own wickedness, be a less reprehensible character than Scarpia, but he is not half as good 'theatre'. Still, in general, 'Chénier' is well constructed, swift-moving melodrama.

It is also a good medium for three singers with powerful voices, and if they have not much to show in the way of *finesse*, it does not greatly matter. The soprano (Luciana Serafini) had something of that quality to show, using a young and beautiful voice (of the same kind as Tebaldi's) expressively. The tenor (Giuseppe Savio) and the baritone (Guelfi) both sang in that uninhibited style which an American critic has aptly called *can belto*. As a display of animal vigour their performances were exciting, but one hopes that Savio will not destroy a potentially splendid voice by singing all the time as though he were in the Baths of Caracalla. Of Guelfi I expected rather more subtlety than he showed, more art in phrasing. In 'Nemico della patria', his big show-piece, he made no attempt to weld the sentences together, so that it fell apart in little short-breathed phrases. The performance was well controlled by the veteran Vincenzo Bellezza, and there were several excellent studies of minor parts, among them Laura Zannini's poor old Madelon who offers her son on the altar of the Revolution, and the nasty *Incroyable* of Mario Ferrara, one of Giordano's

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few real inventions. Still, I should feel happier about the taste of the operatic public if it had demanded the performance of (shall we say?) Pizzetti's 'Fedra', a work that would have exercised its imagination and intelligence to more purpose.

There were three major orchestral concerts during the week. In a somewhat heterogeneous programme conducted by Sawallisch at the Royal Festival Hall the outstanding event was Annie Fischer's performance, intensely alive but never overdone, of Mozart's Concerto in C major. As it proceeded, one asked whether anything more beautiful than the slow movement has ever been composed. The concert also included splendid performances of three choral songs by Wolf in which the Philharmonia Chorus enhanced its already great reputation by its brilliant singing

of 'Der Feuerreiter' and the Polovtsian music from 'Prince Igor'. The Philharmonia Orchestra distinguished itself in Strauss' 'Bourgeois Gentilhomme' Suite, but one would have liked to hear them play something more substantial under this first-rate young conductor.

On Wednesday, Sir Henry Wood's birthday was commemorated with a mere hour's music conducted by his Elisha, Sir Malcolm Sargent. The programme (Elgar and Shostakovich) was apt enough, for Wood was a great advocate of Russian music from Tchaikovsky onwards and a fine interpreter of Elgar. But 'The Wand of Youth' is the kind of titbit that he would have played at the end of a long evening, and Shostakovich's Violin Concerto played by Max Rostal made an unsatisfying main dish. It contains any amount of brilliant, if not always

euphonious, fiddlesticks—Mr. Rostal did almost everything that can be done with a violin except saw it in two with his bow—but, apart from an agreeable 'Nocturne' at the beginning it is shallow music. Much less pretentious, but with far more poetry in any ten bars of it, was Walton's Violoncello Concerto broadcast on Saturday night. The Danish soloist, Erling Bengtsson, gave an excellent performance of it with the B.B.C. Orchestra again conducted by Sargent.

In the series devoted to tributes by living singers to past colleagues Miss Astra Desmond, bravely keeping her appointment with the public from a hospital bed, reminded us of the art and voice of Gladys Ripley, like herself a great interpreter of oratorio and cantata.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

The Music of Havergal Brian

By HAROLD TRUSCOTT

The first performance of Brian's Ninth Symphony will be broadcast in the Third Programme at 9.10 p.m. on Saturday, March 22

HAVERGAL BRIAN, born in 1877, native of the Potteries, self-taught musician in all essentials, whose First Symphony was written a year before Elgar's A flat had its first performance, came in with the wave that brought the somewhat older Bantock, Josef Holbrooke, Rutland Boughton and others of this group. Brian, however, although superficially with them at the start, was never so in fact. Perhaps because he had force to look to himself for musical guidance, he took his own way, and if for a time this seemed to coincide with that of the others, this was no guarantee that it would continue to do so. It did not. Today, surveying Brian's style from some of the early works to his fairly recent ones, one can see that it has moved consistently, but that its present state is as different from the beginning as is that of one of Sibelius' evolving themes at each of its extremes.

Although it has developed as his thought has developed, his style has not materially altered in essentials, but it is a mark of the wide resource he can command that the same style, applied to two works, will sound like two different languages. Perhaps one of the difficulties in the way of the appreciation of his work in this age of pigeon-holing is the fact that he cannot be pinned down; in one work he appears to fit one category and, just as that is satisfactorily settled, the next work turns up and we are confronted with a different man; the basic style is the same, however. It is the thought that is different, and this is independent of time and place.

Impervious to any folk-song influence, his music is as English as Gillray or Cruikshank. It may be that a suggestion of the rhythms of the old music-hall songs has something to do with this; he has, to my knowledge, only once used a music-hall song, in the Prologue of the wonderful satirical opera, 'The Tigers', where a search by two policemen, among a Bank Holiday crowd, with photographs for comparison, is accompanied by orchestral variations on 'Has anybody here seen Kelly?' He has himself told me that he is unaware, except in this one instance, of consciously using such material, but that he did in his youth accompany some of Albert Chevalier's and Eugene Stratton's songs. His final remark is, 'The thing is, we don't know where music does come from. But—the composition of a symphony or an opera is a downright serious matter'. Such rhythms are there, whatever their origin—they are a part of the earlier satirical language, which has also been used for serious works entirely innocent of

satire—and so is the strongly English quality of his music.

His most important works are large-scale, because on a large canvas he moves with comfort and with complete control. He has written exquisite miniatures, and some large small-scale works, such as the fine preludes and fugues for piano and the remarkable Double Fugue in E flat for the piano. His solo songs and part-songs, also, contain many gems to add real lustre to the record of English song. But the works which show him at full stature are the operas—'The Tigers', originally called 'The Grotesques', commissioned by Sir Thomas Beecham, finished in 1918 and, like most of his mature works, never yet performed, except in a concert extract of the fantastic orchestral 'Wild Horsemen' broadcast under Sir Adrian Boult; 'Doktor Faust' and 'Turandot' (both in German), 'The Cenci' (in English), and 'Agamemnon', a one-act tragedy from Aeschylus in English; choral works, such as 'By the Waters of Babylon', anticipating, in 1907, the force and fury and much of the language of Walton's 'Belshazzar's Feast', 'The Vision of Cleopatra' and 'Prometheus Unbound'; and the twelve symphonies. Here is the Brian of historical and musical importance—in this body of large works is one of the most striking phenomena in the history of composition, and a whole individual chapter of English music in its twentieth century heyday, with which English people, to say nothing of foreigners, have yet to make acquaintance.

It was in writing of the 'Fantastic Variations on an Old Rhyme', one of the two surviving movements of Brian's First Symphony, that Tovey said, 'but even for the recognition of his smaller works he is being made to wait longer than is good for any country whose musical reputation is worth praying for' and described him as 'a satirist of very wide range, with whose deeper thoughts, musical and other, we shall have to reckon'. In a sense, of course, Tovey was wrong. One is never compelled to reckon with anyone's thoughts. But such neglect leaves behind it an ineradicable stigma. In this sense, Tovey was right.

Having resigned himself to the fact that his music was not to be performed, Brian allowed himself in certain works to use the large forces for which at times he craved. This particularly concerns the Second Symphony, 'The Gothic'; but this is no freak work. With its strong human feeling and deeply felt setting of the 'Te Deum' for finale, it is sincerely from head and heart

in equal balance, and formidable as its requirements may appear, there is nothing that is not necessary to the whole, so far as I can be certain, after nearly two years' prolonged study of this work. The reaction to these large symphonies, although none of the others is quite on the scale of the Second, was usually a spate of small works, mostly unaccompanied choral pieces or solo songs. But latterly, following No. 8, Brian has written short, incisive symphonies for a normal sized orchestra.

There are four of these, Nos. 9 to 12. No. 9 is a vigorously powerful piece of Brian's contemporary thought. Written in 1951, it is in three short movements played without a break, and is unusual in that, whereas hitherto all his symphonies had their origin in some suggestion from poetry or drama, he can recall no such origin for this one. His symphonies are programme music only in the broadest sense of the term, but this one has, for me at all events, not the slightest suggestion of outside influence other than that inherent in the fact that it originated in the mind of a human being.

The introduction, which passes from *adagio* to an *allegro Moderato* before breaking into the first movement, *allegro Vivo*, is linked with that movement more by an apposite mood than by actual material, although it passes on a rhythm. Sparse in its elements, the material is rich in its growth; the style is contrapuntal for the most part, but mastery is shown in the ease with which the counterpoint gives way to homophony when required, and in the fact that the counterpoint is of the right kind—it helps and does not hinder the dramatic progress of the music.

The slow movement is much more homophonic, with a main melody on the cor anglais which grows persistently in shape and stature, and a rhythmic figure from the first movement becoming increasingly insidious. Contrapuntal energy is resumed with the finale, which, like the first movement, has a strong sonata basis. The whole symphony moves inevitably to the great coda. Although no tonality is named, the work is pitched somewhat ambiguously round A minor and D, and it is D that prevails. Until the end one is never quite sure how far A is a key or merely a persistently unresolved dominant.

In 1925 Holbrooke published a book called *Contemporary Composers*, which included Brian. In every essential musical meaning, of absence of stagnation and constant forward-looking vision, he is still a contemporary composer.

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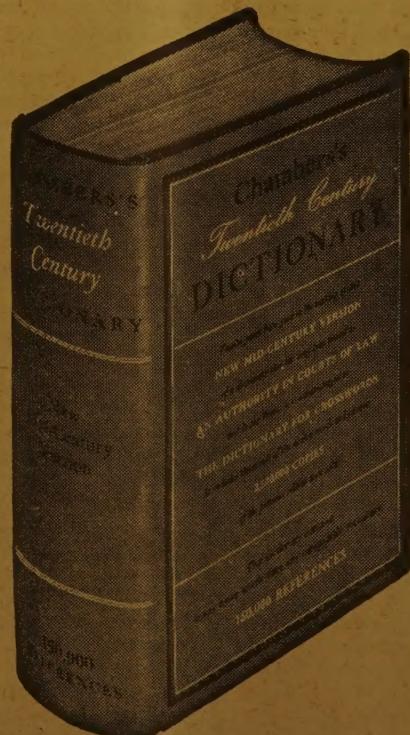
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Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

THREE SIMPLE MENUS

1. LENTIL AND PARSNIP SOUP, grilled pork or lamb chops with savoury rice, and fruit or cheese to follow. For the soup, cook one parsnip and a large onion in about a quart of salted water, adding about $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. lentils and a pinch of thyme or rosemary. Sieve the mixture and thin out with milk. For the savoury rice, fry the rice in a little lard, oil, or bacon fat until it is white and opaque. Add boiling water or stock, in the proportion of $\frac{1}{2}$ pt. liquid to 2 oz. rice, and an onion per person. Season well. Cover closely, and cook on a very low heat till all the liquid is absorbed.

2. Hamburgers, served with carrots and creamed or baked potatoes, with baked bananas to follow. Put a little made mustard and a dash of Worcester sauce in the hamburgers, and fry them in a covered frying pan for about 15 minutes. For the baked bananas the loose kind, sold cheap, are excellent. Skin them and lay them in a shallow oven-dish, sprinkle liberally with moist brown sugar, and dot with butter or margarine. Bake uncovered until soft.

3. Baked cod fillets in parsley or caper sauce, peas in rice, and stuffed pancakes. Put the seasoned cod fillets in a greased oven-dish, and dot with butter or margarine. Cover and bake. Then drain off the liquid, and make the parsley or caper sauce. Add chopped parsley with this liquid and a little milk. Pour over the fillets, and reheat. (By the way, in France they use the parsley stems as well as the green, as the flavour is stronger.) To stuff the pancakes you use a mixture of about $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of plain curd cheese, 3 oz. of sugar, 1 oz. of raisins, and a little grated lemon rind.

MARY DICKINS

GREASE ON WALLPAPER

A listener asks how to get rid of a greasy mark on wallpaper. I suggest she should take a sheet of clean, white blotting paper; a pad of soft, clean material; some carbon tetrachloride, and a clean, dry cloth. Wet the pad of material thoroughly with the carbon tetrachloride and dab it quickly over the mark (thoroughly wetting it), then clap the blotting paper on top of the wet place and rub briskly with the dry cloth. This treatment may have to be repeated two or three times. If, even then, the mark still shows, I would suggest following up with a 'poultice'. Put some French chalk in a saucer and make a paste of it with carbon tetrachloride. Plaster this over the grease stain and leave it to dry. When it is quite dry, it can be brushed off easily. Although it is unlikely that the dye in wallpaper will loosen when wetted with spirit, it is always wiser to make a test on an inconspicuous place first.

When using the carbon tetrachloride keep the windows open and do not smoke. If the vapour from carbon tetrachloride is drawn through a lighted cigarette it tends to break up and produce highly poisonous gases.

RUTH DREW

Notes on Contributors

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C. R. ROSS (page 441): Lecturer in Economics, Oxford University
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Crossword No. 1,450.

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, March 20. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

Horatian. By Leon

CLUES—ACROSS

1. nec loquax — neque grata (4)
5. te . . . et obstetor, vita me reddi priori (7)
10. pauper Optimus argenti — intus et auri (6)
11. iussa pars mutare Lares et — sospite cursu (5)
14. sparge — et, si paulum potes in lacrimare, est gaudia celare (7)
15. amoena quoq[ue] et aquae — et aurae (7)
16. qualis aut Nireus fuit aut aquosa raptus ab — (3)
17. piscium et summa genus — ulmo (6)
18. nunc et campus et . . . repetantur (5)
19. — unguentum et Sardo cum melle papaver offendunt (7)
24. me querat — sciat iplevisse decembris (7)
27. — et attenus quiescit (5)
28. ire dormum atque pelluculum — jube (6)
30. — pedes quocumque ferent (3)
31. ulla si juris tibi peierati poena, — nocuisset unquam (7)
33. quid Tirdaten — unice securus (7)
34. stultitiae — nihilum distabat an ira (5)
35. donec cinis iniuriosis — ventis ferar (6)
36. nulla — tamen rapacis Orci sede destinata aula. (7)
37. hac mente laborem — ferre . . . aiunt (4)

DOWN

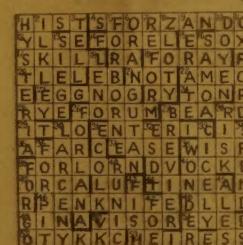
1. magnas inter — iungo (4)
2. nil mortale — (6)
3. eris tu, qui modo — mercator (5)
4. sepulchri immemor — domos (6)
6. — tibi Septicunquie . . . adsumam (6)
7. paratus omne Caesaris periculum — (6)
8. possit . . . artis litibus impicitum (7)
9. Augusto — signata volumina, Vinni (6)
12. quo simili —, nec regna vini sortiere talis (6)
13. lenis incendas — que parvis aquos alumnis (5)
19. mittere operio me — in humeris (6)
20. inductos quid enim — libereque laborum rusticus (7)
21. absent — funere nemiae (5)
22. vel quia turpe putant — minoribus (6)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

23. das nummos, accipis uvam, pullas, ova, cadum — (6)
24. rusticus — confusus, turpis honesto? (6)
25. idem eadem possunt horam — probantes? (6)
26. — multa prece nitere, porro vade (6)
29. uda mobilibus pomaria — (5)
32. iurat bene solis — maritis (4)

Solution of No. 1,448



NOTES

The code, provided by two nouns in the title and eighteen other lights (e.g., 'Enter-i-c', 's-pen-d', 'w-is-p' and 'for-l-an-a') was:

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	K	L		
Y	E	H	O	L	H	O	T	C	N	I	F	E
M	N	O	P	R	S	T	U	V	W	Z		

Across: 1. (. . .) WHIST(er); 4. S-FOR-ZAN(def)-DO; 14. FO-RE-L; 17. S(service)-KILL; 19. FOR-AV; 20. HE-BE-(live); 23. EGG-NOG (Gong+Ge, rev.); 27. BE-A-R.D.; 29. PEG (two mngs); 37. B-LOB; 38. WIS (=Indeed [Webster])-P; 29. FOR(C)LO-RN; 44. T-IN-EA; 46. PEN-KNIF-E(ather) & lit; 50. VIS-OR; 51. NARS OR BANS [Chambers]; 52. G(race)HARNI-(son); 53. (She + Sir)e².

Down: 2. Nacre²; 5. FOR-BORNE; 6. ORANG(e)-UTAN²; 7. KEE-ORM (Rom²); 8. Z-LOT-Y; 9. AE-RATE; 11. (C)OX-FORD; 26. F-OR-LAN-A; 28. (B)RISK(et); 30. LAR-CEN-Y; 32. BO-S(moot)H; 33. C-ICE-LY (-laker); 34. (SU)SPEND(ed); 38. WON-DEF; 43. Two mngs: FISH = fish-plate [Webster]; 47. Feo²

Anagram

1st prize: C. Stephens (Addlestone); 2nd prize: C. A. Pearce (Farnham); 3rd prize: F. E. Vernon Swindell (Lenton Sands).

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